

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

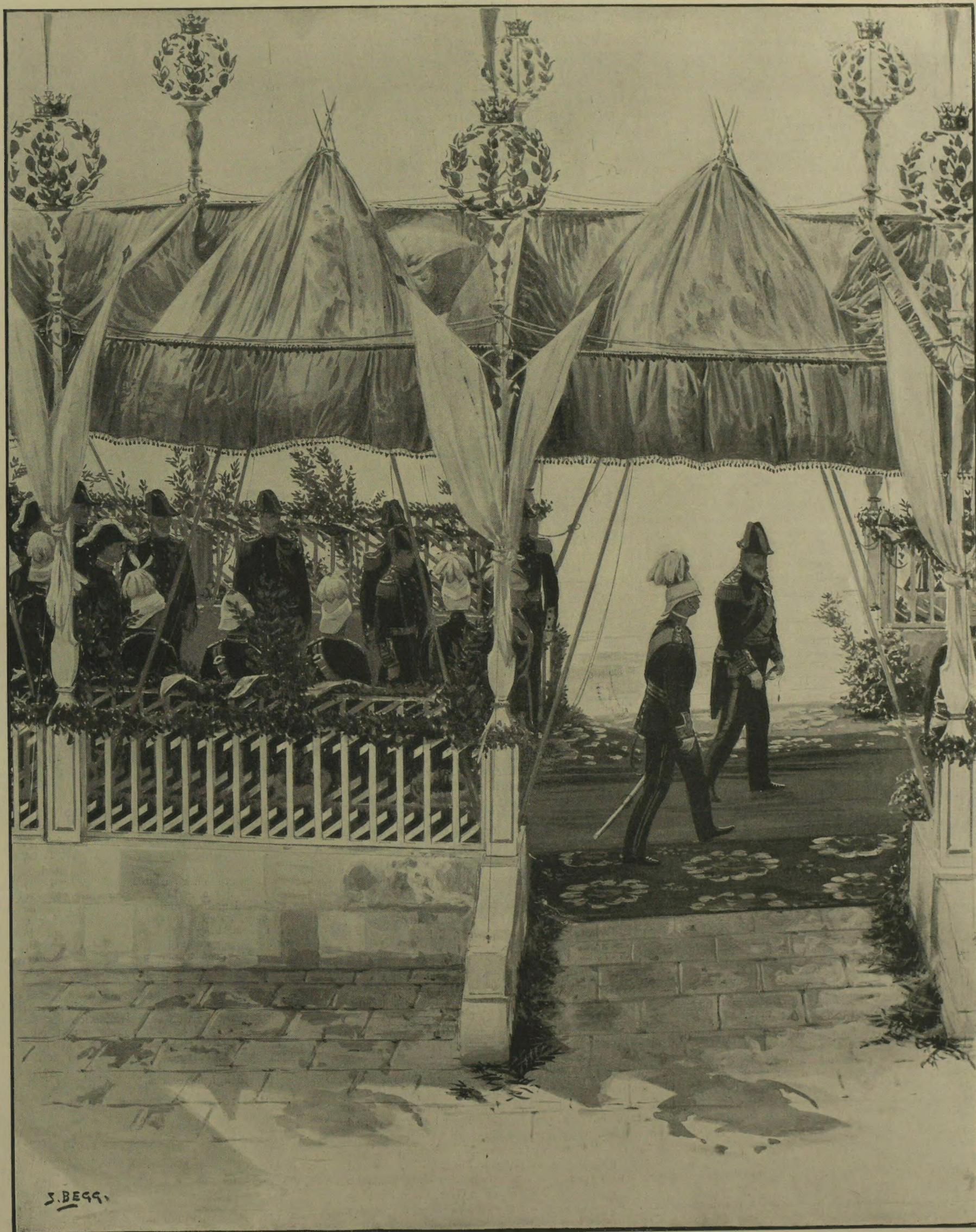
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SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

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THE KING'S TOUR: HIS MAJESTY LANDING AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE, MALTA, APRIL 16.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CASSAR.

The King is accompanied by the Governor of Malta, Sir Mansfield Clarke. On the left, under the pavilion, are the members of the Headquarters Staff.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The British Government is begged to bestir itself about the St. Louis Exhibition. "Let our industries be represented there," it is urged, "in such a fashion as will favourably impress the Western mind. Millions of Americans know nothing of Britain, and if she makes a poor figure at St. Louis, that will be set down as the measure of her capacity and influence in the world." This is so alarming that I hope the Government will take the necessary steps to put our industrial resource and energy in the proper light for the edification of the Western States. But a misgiving seizes me. That lively print, the *Week's Survey*, has published two articles by an American artisan, Mr. Virgil E. Stackhouse, who has been a sojourner in London, and thinks but poorly of us. This Virgil, who, peradventure, is from St. Louis, has made a journey by himself (I wonder he did not bring Dante from Chicago!) through our Inferno of poverty, starvation, vice, drink, and corrupt policemen. Stern veracity forces Virgil to state that you can bribe a London policeman with sixpence. The New York constable is the better man because he stands out for a much higher price.

An American writer, who has carefully examined our police system, has lately stated in the *North American Review* that it is free from the organised corruption of Tammany. He does not know the power of the insinuating sixpence. He does not know that if you meet a file of London policemen you have only to drop that coin into every man's right hand, and you will be free of their "beats" — free to commit any crime that takes your fancy. So poor is our intelligence that we have never thought of that. The citizen of London, as Virgil has discovered, is an object of contempt to the rest of our nation. If you want to put a man at the bottom of the intellectual and social scale, you say, "Oh, he's a Londoner." He is anaemic; he is half-starved; he has so little to eat that he takes to drink; and when he is not drunk he consumes patent medicines. Everywhere in London, says Virgil, you read advertisements of "Blank's Sarsaparilla for Anæmia." So hungry are all the citizens of London that in a restaurant your neighbour watches to see whether you want to finish your bread; and, if not, he requests your permission to add the remnant to his meagre repast.

An observant man, this Virgil, a masterly reasoner from the particular to the general. In a city of six million people he reduces the economic conditions to the simplest formula; if you want to dine off stewed kidneys and coffee it will cost you three shillings and twopence. Another significant fact is that many of us are dark and undersized, and obviously Jewish. And when he sums up our distressing case, Virgil remarks that it is better for the workman to live in America; better on all accounts, especially the educational. Education has truly bred in Virgil a power of discernment and a sense of proportion with which it is almost futile to compete. If the British Government should shrink from its responsibilities at the St. Louis Exhibition, you may be quite sure that it is cowed by Virgil. Will it have the spirit to send to the sceptical West a special London "exhibit," consisting of healthy citizens who are not dark and undersized, have never tasted sarsaparilla, and dine habitually and rather well for less than three-and-two? Oh, dear no!

I am overwhelmed with information on the subject of pouring oil on troubled waters. The Rev. Arthur Evans, British chaplain at Malaga, writes to me: "We have had at least two small sailing vessels in this harbour this winter, on which, during a most tempestuous voyage from Newfoundland, this expedient was tried. The sailors on one of them were persuaded that the safety of their vessel was due to its use." Mr. R. H. Laurie, nautical publisher, sends me a remarkable document partly based upon the *Pilot Chart for the North Atlantic Ocean*, issued monthly by the United States Hydrographic Office. According to this testimony, the efficacy of oil in soothing the angry deep is beyond dispute. Hanging oil-bags over the bow, and puncturing them with a sail-needle to let the oil trickle down, is a method commended by the Hydrographic Office and by mariners known to Mr. Evans. Cod oil is used by them, and castor oil figures in Mr. Laurie's list. Throw physic, not to the dogs, but to the waves. That is what Shakspere must have meant; and his editors had better look to it.

Your turpentine oil is the "best for spreading"; but "one observer states that from one to three gallons of porpoise oil, used in a bag of oakum, will run a vessel through a prolonged gale." Petroleum is of little use; its spreading power is only "about one-half that of olive oil, and one-fifth that of soapsuds." The saponaceous appeal to indignant Neptune is the most surprising of all. "Soap dissolved in fresh water seems the best agent for preventing the growth of waves, both on account of its superior spreading powers and the

restriction of the surface-tension that it brings about; but it has the drawback of mixing with the water instead of forming a coating on the surface. Its action in preventing the breaking of heavy seas is also doubtful." But for these depressing reservations, the enterprising youngster might put to sea in the family wash-tub, and overcome Neptune's trident with a bar of kitchen soap! I like the idea of checking the growth of the waves, stunting the young ruffians with suds, just as you keep puppies small by giving them gin. (I tremble here; for if this is not technically accurate, I shall find myself landed in a controversy with some dog-fancier who chances to be a "regular reader"!) Soap may not smooth the face of the ocean; still, according to Mr. Laurie, "there can be no shadow of doubt but that many ships are now afloat which would have ended their careers and never been heard of, had it not been for the beneficent influence of oil on troubled waters."

"Greedy, vain, heartless, cowardly, and false," says Mr. Marriott Watson in the *Daily Mail*, is the girl who used to be called in the old romances sweet seventeen. By my troth, Captain, these be very bitter words! What has sweet seventeen done to Mr. Watson that he should storm at her? He is a novelist, and novelists have ceased to concern themselves with this young person. Dickens took her quite seriously in "Edwin Drood." There she is a schoolgirl, fond of Mr. Drood, to whom she is prematurely engaged, but fonder still of toffee. "Don't kiss me, Edwin, I'm so sticky," is one of her characteristic remarks; and it may be that, in these simple words, Mr. Watson discerns greed, vanity, heartlessness, cowardice, and deceit. But since 1870 sweet seventeen has faded out of novels, although some of Miss Rhoda Broughton's heroines used to give a rather startling piquancy to that state of maidenhood. What is the novelist's grievance now? Mr. Watson hints that, before the age of thirty, no woman is worthy of study. Well, there is no dearth of ladies with that qualification. Why abuse poor little seventeen?

She is the "tadpole," says Mr. Watson, from which develops the woman who is not unworthy of his notice. Greedy, vain, heartless, cowardly, and false, the tadpole becomes in time a gracious and beautiful creature, whom novelists may truthfully praise. Surely there is no such conversion as this in all the surprising chronicles of grace; and I wonder that the novelist who has detected it does not dwell on the beauty of the transformation, instead of bullying the tadpole, which, if his natural history be accurate, is only fulfilling its appointed mission. Or can it be that Mr. Watson's science is defective, and that there is more than one type of sweet seventeen? A "Berkshire Rector" rages in the *Times* because his daughters, "ripping girls," don gloves and pads, and play cricket, instead of reading Jane Austen in the decorum of the rectory parlour. Sweet seventeen, hitting the bowling all over the field, until she is declared l.b.w. by a scrupulous umpire, is doubtless a deplorable spectacle of feminine high spirits; but her father does not suspect her of being greedy, vain, heartless, cowardly, and false. Besides, she will mature some day to the perfection of the *femme de trente ans*.

Mr. Thatcher, of Bristol, communicates to my Editor his views of sweet seventeen. He would educate her "sense of taste"—not the æsthetic sense, but the palate. He would give her teeth a rigorous training. On Good Friday Mr. Thatcher, who is sixty-four, walked forty-two miles with no nourishment save hard crusts. On Easter Monday he relapsed into the conventional diet, and plenty of it. But the Thatcher of the crusts was a hardy veteran, as hardy as one of Ibsen's Vikings, so redoubtable at present at the Imperial Theatre, under the management of Miss Ellen Terry. Very different was the Easter Monday Thatcher; no touch of the Viking in him; he was languid, limp, and below the mark. The lesson for sweet seventeen is plain. "The girl is mother to the woman," as Mr. Thatcher shrewdly remarks. Her palate must disdain the *cuisine*, and her pretty teeth must get a firm grip of the crust.

Nor is this all. "The skipping-rope and punching-ball," says Mr. Thatcher, "are admirable exercises, and should not be relinquished even in womanhood." Sweet seventeen might decorate the ball with the counterfeit of some face she dislikes, and punch that with great relish. Perhaps Mr. Watson would call this another proof of her cowardice, as the ball cannot retort. But Mr. Thatcher wants to train her for matrimony. "Every lady who has not a real, live, quarrelsome husband, ready made, might with advantage have a punching-ball in her room, and take a good dose every night and on rising in the morning." "If we would maintain British physique, we must preserve in all honour the British Lion and Lioness with teeth and claws intact." Unless this be done, England will fall like insolent Greece and haughty Rome. In the name of our common heritage, let parents and guardians look to the teeth and claws of sweet seventeen!

PARLIAMENT.

When the House of Commons met after the Easter recess there was a startling debate on Scottish affairs. The vote for the Royal Palaces in the Estimates brought up the unprecedented action of Lord Leven and Melville, the High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland, in changing his abode from Holyrood Palace to the Station Hotel at Edinburgh. It was understood that Lord Leven was discontented with the state of the Holyrood drains. On behalf of the Government Mr. Fellowes made the very grave statement that they had not been consulted by Lord Leven before he took this momentous step. The Solicitor-General for Scotland declared that the sum of three thousand pounds would be expended chiefly in putting the drains in order. He admitted that Lord Leven could not be expected to dwell in an insanitary Palace. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said this was a mysterious affair. There was something below the surface (here a voice cried, "Drains!"), and he wanted to know how it came about that a Palace which was occupied only a fortnight in the year had defective drainage. The Prime Minister acknowledged that this outbreak of Scottish national sentiment could not be withstood. It was the well-known idiosyncrasy of drains that they always went wrong at the most inconvenient moment. He promised that the whole of the sum of three thousand pounds should be expended to put the Holyrood drains beyond reproach. It was generally felt that this statesmanlike utterance had saved the Government.

The House proceeded to consider the state of British agriculture. Mr. Hanbury said that the British farmers deserved as much consideration from the Treasury as the Irish farmers, and that he would never cease to urge their legitimate claims. Railway rates on agricultural produce came in for reprobation; but it was explained on behalf of the Great Western Railway Company that they had reduced the rate on milk by 25 per cent.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

IBSEN'S "VIKINGS," AT THE IMPERIAL.

Greatly daring, Miss Ellen Terry has started management by relying upon Ibsen. Not on the Ibsen of the social melodramas: the "Vikings" play, now staged at the Imperial Theatre, dates back to 1858, and belongs to the master's romantic phase. It is a dramatised Scandinavian saga, and deals with the marriage-tragedy of the heroine known in the Nibelung epic as Brunnhild. Its era being that of the tenth century, the piece contains quite a mass of antiquarian lore, but is also handsomely supplied with scenes of violence and bloodshed. Its noble dames dispute like fishwives over the valour of their husbands, and quite an appreciable proportion of the *dramatis personæ* are killed off during the action. One luckless old chieftain has, before the end, lost all his seven sons, and his grief provides the play with some highly impressive moments. But amid the many fierce folk who "go a-viking" (see Mr. Archer's text), the central figure is the virago, Hiordis. Her husband, she learns, has won her, not by prowess, but by deputy, and it is his friend Sigurd, married to her gentler sister, Dagny, who is, by virtue of his courage, her proper mate. Hence a mutual love-confession of this severed pair, after which Hiordis affectionately shoots an arrow through Sigurd's heart, and then throws herself, like Sappho, into the sea, the dying hero, meanwhile, confessing himself a Christian. Crude and uninspired though this drama of Ibsen's may be, as compared, say, with his "Brand," it has no lack of picturesque material; and of this Mr. Gordon Craig, as scenic artist, has taken every advantage. His scheme of decoration is marked by simple, broad, harmonious effects, and reveals genuine imaginative insight. Unfortunately his reform of lighting the stage from above results in obscuring the players' faces. This bears hardly on the mobile-featured Ellen Terry, but in any case such a vicious vixen as Hiordis is no character to suit a radiant personality the whole and sufficient charm of which depends on temperamental high spirits and true womanliness. Of Miss Terry's stage companions, Mr. Oscar Asche makes a virile Sigurd and Miss Hutin Britton leaves a pleasant impression as Dagny, but far the best acting is Mr. Holman Clark's in the rôle of the bereaved patriarch—acting full of dignity and convincing pathos.

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

As well deserved as seemingly it is undoubtedly the success of Miss Fletcher's dramatisation of "The Light that Failed." For one thing, the play, notwithstanding its conventional ending, and therefore the inconsistency of its heroine, exhales the proper virile Kipling spirit, and that is something agreeably fresh in the playhouse. Moreover, the piece was always capitally interpreted, and, now that it has been transferred to a "new" home, is better acted than ever. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's splendid rendering of the afflicted hero has gained in realistic intensity and nervous force, and there is an increase of strength in Miss Nina Boucicault's clever impersonation of the spiteful model; while, not to mention Mr. Aubrey Smith's and Mr. Sydney Valentine's sound performances, Miss Margaret Halstan puts flesh and blood into the mere sketch of the Red-Haired Girl, and Miss Gertrude Elliott still invests the egoistic little Maisie with her own delightful charm.

"LA TOLEDAD," AT KENNINGTON.

"Comic opera" is hardly the word for "La Toledad," the entertainment presented this week at the Kennington Theatre, even though M. Audran, of "Olivette" and "La Mascotte" fame, is its accredited composer. In point of fact, the piece has more kinship with "musical comedy," and has not a few elements of rough-and-ready farce. Its official description apart, it is amusing enough in its unambitious way, and it is rendered by quite a brilliant cast, which includes Mr. Alec Marsh, Mr. Charles Collette, Miss Georgina Delmar, and that favourite of old opéra-bouffe days, Miss Emily Soldene.

ART NOTES.

The Spring Exhibition of the New English Art Club at the Dudley Gallery offers impoverished walls to those who, at the budding season, look to this "nursery of young reputations" for evidence of fresh and moving spirit in the forthcoming art of England. Mr. Conder sends nothing—and the lack of the lovely blue of his seas and skies is severely noticeable in an exhibition none too rich in delineations of natural beauty. Mr. Augustus John, who, as we noted in the autumn, gave promise, and indeed fulfilment, as leader of a school of accomplished painting, now sends nothing but some drawings, and these neither accomplished nor from the hands of a leader, whatever be the school. Mr. Wilson Steer has lost head in his hunt after bygone convention. We could join in his pleasure in the achievement of a Constable landscape; but Fragonard, at least, should be left to the undisputed possession of the eighteenth century. We accept the art of that manner and period as a completed incident in the history of painting; and, in some of its phases, we tolerate it because of its strict termination. Mr. Steer, in part of a decoration for the drawing-room of Bourton House, Shrivenham, has probably a decorator's rather than a painter's reasons for his mimicry of a style that is now alien. These may be made apparent enough in the drawing-room itself; they do not suffice for the exhibition at the Dudley Gallery.

The lover of idiosyncrasy will complain at first sight that at the New English Art Club the exhibits of Academic portraits are unusually and, in such a show, irrelevantly numerous. Very interesting, all the same, some of these prove to be. To begin with, we have Mr. Charles Furse's portrait-group of "Mrs. Oliver, Mark, and Betty." In this picture the size and the animation of pose and expression have, unfortunately, precluded any refinement of technique or repose of arrangement. The lack of success in evading the commonplace is particularly to be deplored in the work of Mr. Furse, who has in past years shown himself the master of original composition. To add to the list of disappointments Mr. W. W. Russell is still painting in the uninteresting groove which held him last year; Mr. Tonks is disjointed in tone and colour; and Mr. Mark Fisher is represented by canvases painted in his least pleasing manner. Mr. Orpen sends no picture of drama, no piece of vivid action or intense emotion. An expression intensely alive, however, animates his portrait-study of a woman, "The Red Scarf," an admirably painted piece of work. The mass of frank colour in the scarf and the varied flesh hues of the face make excellent opposition; while the figure is placed with perfect art on the canvas.

In "Reflections, China and Japan," Mr. Orpen gives us a study of still life, evidently painted purely for the pleasure of practice in a precise art. It is all brilliant. No dust of Chelsea, no smokiness of atmosphere, has been allowed to come between the painter and his subject. The polish of the table is at its highest; the bowl is clean to match; but, while it has been interesting to Mr. Orpen to keep a clean palette, the result is rather a little triumph for the studio than a picture for public exhibition. All the same, it has been purchased by Mr. Staats Forbes to take its place in the collection where it will have for colleagues no fewer than eighty Corots.

Mr. Rothenstein's "Doll's House" at the Dudley Gallery is the antithesis to Mr. Orpen's "Reflections." Two rather mysterious figures are shown at the foot of a rather mysterious staircase against a wall lighted with delicate and well-observed variety; and this studious regard for the interest that a craftsman may put into small spaces of oil-paint is displayed without any sacrifice of the breadth of effect. Passages of uncertain draughtsmanship are the more to be regretted in a picture otherwise so good. Among the water-colours and drawings which this year overpass their customary wall we note Mr. Brabazon's beautiful colour-effects, and Mr. D. S. MacColl's happy combinations of delicate line and slight wash. Mr. Orpen sends two drawings of Mother and Child, conceived in the humble-heroic mood of Millet. A large-armed mother nurses a babe with the intense maternal action of a peasant. Beautiful drawing and feeling distinguish these.

At the Carfax Galleries in Ryder Street are shown the water-colour drawings and oil-paintings of Mr. Roger Fry. The drawings are attractive, but the paintings do not please. Heavy colour clogs the heavier medium. Mr. Fry possesses, however, a singularly light touch in skimming paper with a sable brush laden only with tinted water. It puzzles us to see an artist who can lay on paint with so little discrimination as in "The Seine" (No. 39) a complete master of the refined convention of line and wash drawing used in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. "Bruges—a Town Gate" (No. 2), is a delightful piece of work in the delightful manner that uses for its expression a slight sepia line and pale brown shadows, definitely defined, but seemingly full of reflected light.

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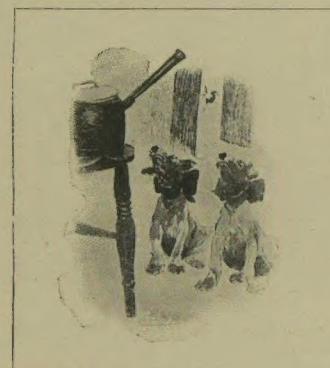
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THE APPROACHING MEETING OF THE KING AND PRESIDENT LOUBET: THE MONARCH AT MALTA AND THE FIRST CITIZEN AT ALGIERS.



KING EDWARD'S ARRIVAL AT MALTA, APRIL 16: THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" ENTERING THE GRAND HARBOUR.

Photo. Cassar, Valletta.



KING EDWARD'S ARRIVAL AT MALTA: HIS MAJESTY PASSING THE PORTA REALE BRIDGE AT VALETTA.

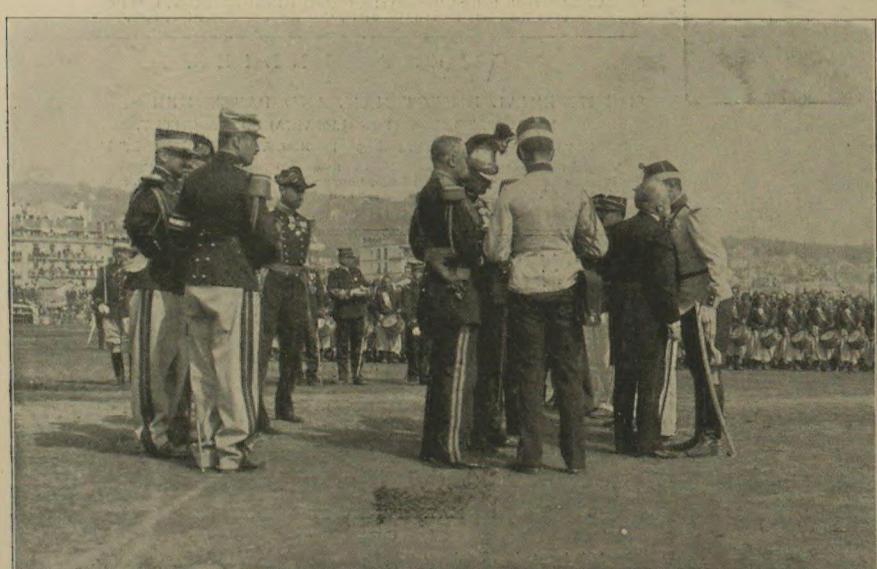
Photo. Cassar, Valletta.



THE FRENCH PRESIDENT'S ARRIVAL AT ALGIERS.



THE ALGIERS REVIEW: THE PRESIDENT TAKING THE SALUTE.



THE REVIEW: THE PRESIDENT DECORATING AN OFFICER.



ARAB CHIEFS PRECEDING THE PRESIDENTIAL CORTÈGE.

The President arrived at Algiers on April 15, and was escorted by thirty Arab chiefs to the Winter Palace. The following day he reviewed a force of nine thousand men. The President has since been visiting the principal centres of colonisation in Algeria. Our Photographs are by our Special Correspondent, M. Léon Bouet.

THE KING'S TOUR: HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL AT MALTA, APRIL 16.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM SKETCHES BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING HIS MAJESTY.



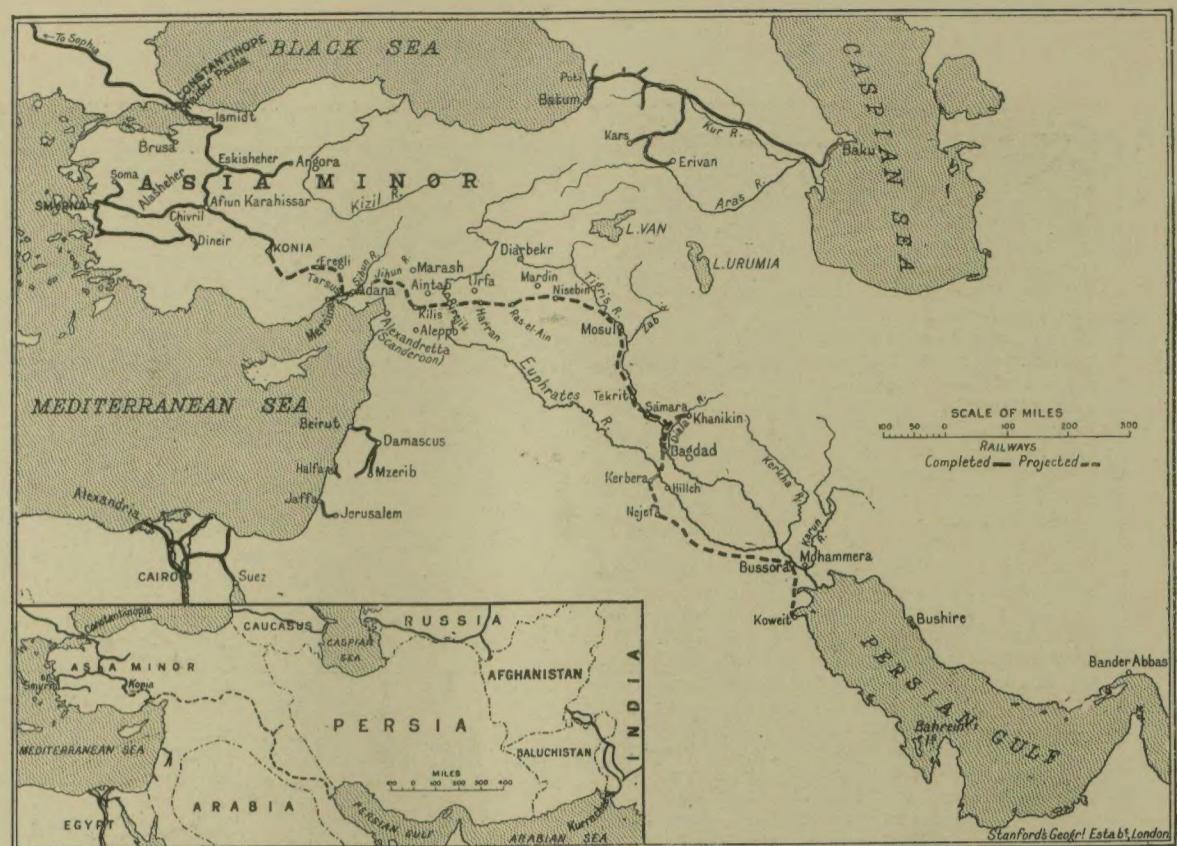
KING EDWARD LEAVING THE CUSTOM HOUSE, VALETTA.

MR. STEWART WRITES: "The scene as the King left the Custom House was very effective. The procession emerged into brilliant sunshine from a deep archway surmounted by a very old wall of crumbling masonry. The Custom House lay in strong shadow on the right. His Majesty drove in an ordinary open landau, and was escorted by mounted infantry."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING'S TOUR.

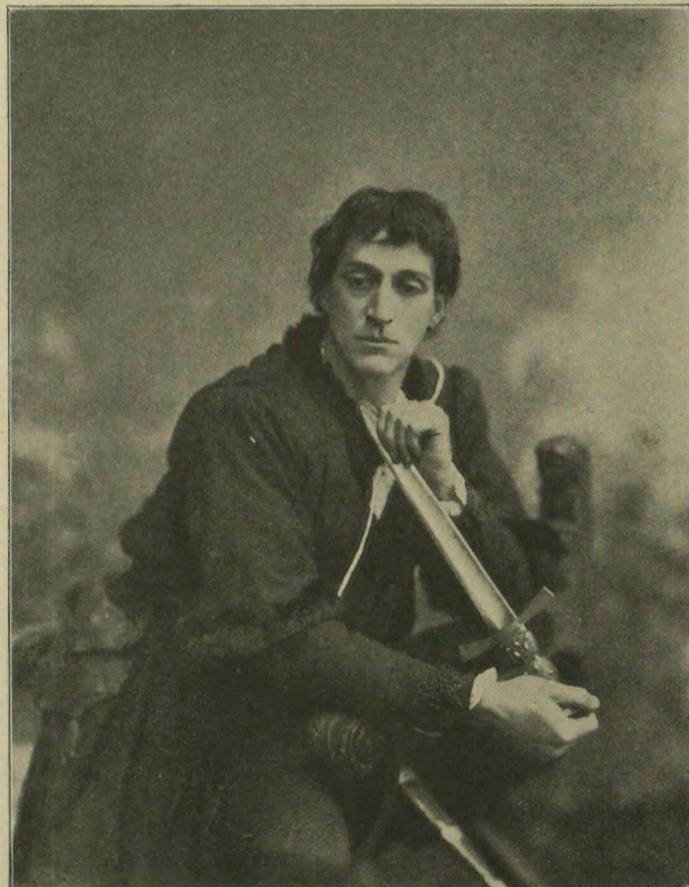
The *Victoria and Albert*, with the King on board, arrived at Malta at ten o'clock on the morning of April 16. As his Majesty's yacht entered the Grand Harbour, all the vessels were dressed rainbow fashion, and a royal salute was fired by the war-ships. Fort Ricasoli and Fort St. Elmo were crowded with sight-seers, who hailed the King's coming with enthusiastic cheering. At a quarter past twelve another royal salute and the pealing of bells announced the King's landing. His Majesty was received in a pavilion by the Governor, Sir Mansfield Clarke. Soldiers and marines lined the quays and streets along which his Majesty drove to the pavilion, where he lunched with the Governor. The same afternoon the King received addresses from the Council of Government and the Maltese nobility, and also from the Malta University. The following morning the King, who had slept on board his yacht, landed at half-past ten o'clock, and drove to Marsa after reviewing the troops of the garrison. Ten thousand men of all arms marched past his Majesty with splendid spectacular effect. King Edward then returned to Valetta, where he visited St. John's Cathedral, afterwards going to lunch at the Admiral's house. The great event of Saturday ought to have been the Naval Review, but this had to be put off owing to a sandstorm. The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the breakwater was likewise postponed. On Sunday his Majesty attended Divine service at the Anglican Collegiate Church of St. Paul. On his way thither the King drove through the poorest part of Valetta, his visit giving great satisfaction to the humbler inhabitants. The postponed review was duly held at half-past ten on the morning of April 20. Eight thousand men were paraded before his Majesty on the Marsa. A royal salute was fired, and the King, who wore Admiral's undress uniform, inspected the lines. Of the march past, an amusing feature was the pet donkey of H.M.S. *Bacchante*, which walked in front of that vessel's crew. Three ringing cheers for the King brought the review to a close. In the afternoon, the other deferred ceremony was successfully carried through, when his Majesty laid the first stone of the new breakwater at the entrance of the Grand Harbour. The water carnival of the evening afforded a wonderful sight. The fleet and town were illuminated, and there was a parade of lighted models of vessels from Noah's time until now. On the roof of the Ark sat Noah and his family, discoursing sweet melody on stringed instruments, while sailors in pantomime masks impersonated the



THE PROPOSED ROUTE OF THE BAGHDAD RAILWAY: FROM KONIEH TO KOWEIT.

REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

The existing railway from Scutari to Konieh is shown by the thick black line; the proposed extension by the dotted line.



Photo, Guy and Co., Cork.

MR. F. R. BENSON AS HAMLET.



Photo, Lankester, Tunbridge Wells.

MRS. F. R. BENSON AS OPHELIA.



THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: A CAPTURED SPY.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.

This prisoner goes on with the column under charge of Sikhs.

animals. On April 21 the King left Malta for Naples.

evening President Loubet dines with his Majesty at the Embassy. The visit terminates on Monday, May 4.

THE KING'S PARIS VISIT.

May Day will see King Edward's arrival in Paris, where he will alight at the Bois de Boulogne Station. President Loubet, with the great officials of the Republic, will receive his Majesty on the platform, and after the usual presentations, the King and M. Loubet will drive in the Presidential carriage along the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysées, the Place de la Concorde, the Rue Royale, and the Faubourg St. Honoré to the British Embassy. There King Edward will alight, but President Loubet will go on to the Elysée, whether his Majesty will almost immediately follow him and

THE BAGHDAD RAILWAY.

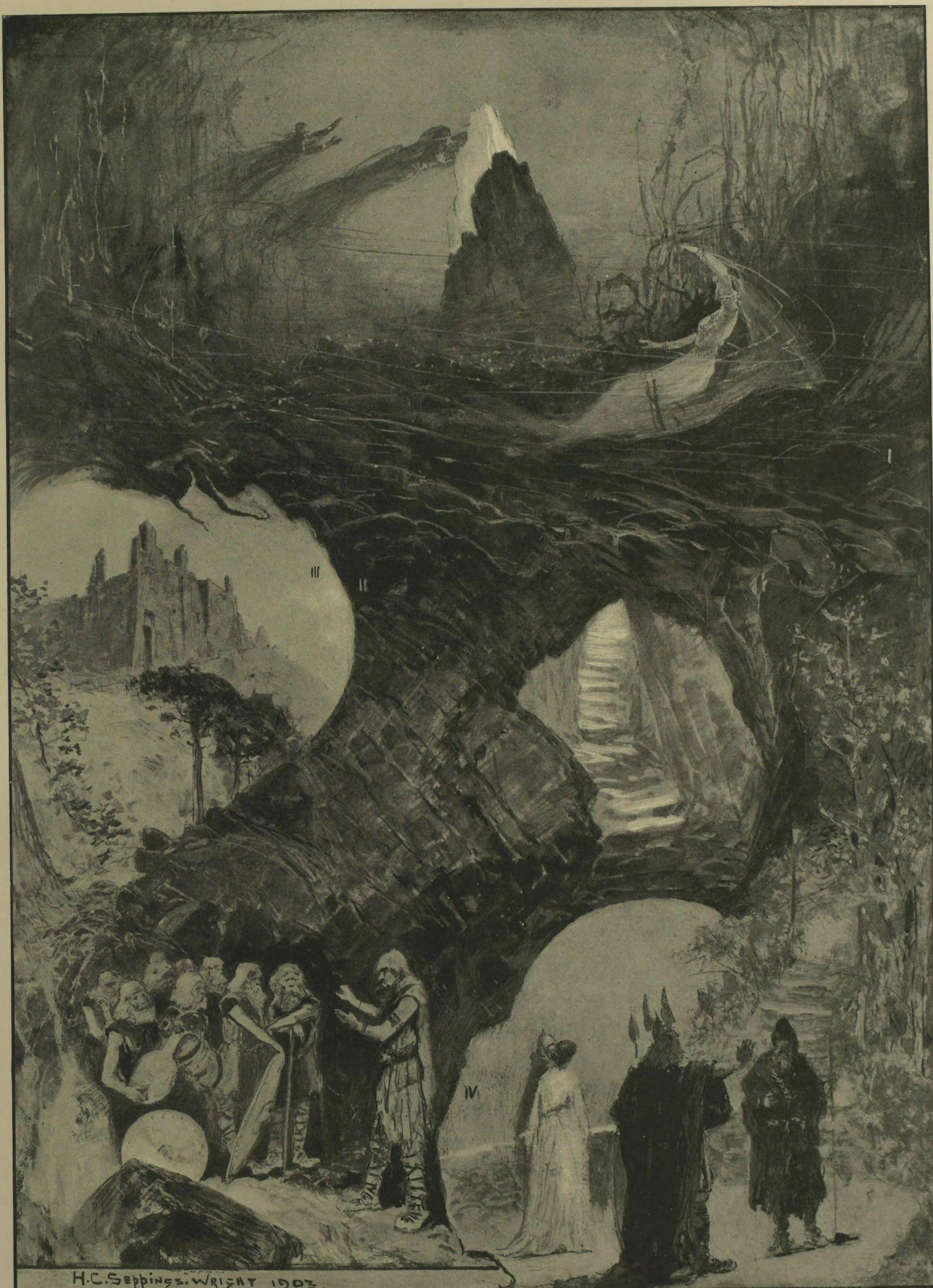
The question of the Baghdad Railway, as far as Great Britain is concerned, is now not whether the line shall be constructed, but what share British capital will have in the undertaking. No definite pronouncement has as yet been made, and it is to be hoped that, as the railway is practically a foregone conclusion, we shall secure our own share in the control of a route that must have so important a bearing upon communication with India and the Far East. A line of rail already exists in Asia Minor from Scutari to Konieh, the ancient Iconium of St. Paul. From that point it is proposed to bring the new line by way of Adana, Mosul, Baghdad, and Bussora to Koweit, the seaport on the Persian Gulf which is within the British sphere of influence. The commercial significance of the new line must be very great, for the mineral wealth of Mesopotamia is extraordinary, and is as yet entirely undeveloped.

THE SHAKSPERE FESTIVAL OF 1903.

After perceiving, as did Desdemona, "a divided duty" right up to the opening of its fortnight's Festival, Stratford-on-Avon has at the last moment stayed its hand, for the time being at any rate, from the demolition of the much-discussed cottages that

WAGNER'S "RING DES NIBELUNGEN," AT COVENT GARDEN.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



1. THE BOTTOM OF THE RHINE.

2. THE NIBELUNGS' CAVE.

3. THE TOWERS OF VALHALLA.

4. A SCENE FROM ACT III.

A SCENIC REHEARSAL OF "DAS RHEINGOLD," THE FIRST DRAMA OF THE CYCLE.

Entirely new scenery has been painted by Mr. Harry Brooke. The scenic production has been superintended by Mr. F. Neilson.

are to make way for a Carnegie Library, and has turned its whole attention to the worthy commemoration of its mighty son. This year's performances were inaugurated on April 20 with "Hamlet," Mr. Benson repeating his widely known and always interesting, if at points too eccentric, impersonation of the Prince of Denmark. More novelty followed in the course of a programme which included the "Winter's Tale," "Macbeth," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and several performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with all the added grace of Mendelssohn's music. Still more completely new to Stratford's Festival are Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour" and Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca." The curious onlooker has already been speculating as to the insertion of these works by alien hands in the Shaksperian programme; but it must be remembered that the founders of the Memorial Theatre had it ever in view, as part of their great ideal, to establish a local home for the suitable celebration, not of Shakspeare's memory alone, but of all the worthiest contributions, contemporary and subsequent, to that greater Drama in which Stratford's own son still stands supreme. Hitherto, this side of the ideal has been chiefly represented by Sheridan and Goldsmith, and it is well that the new blood of such long-separate poets as "rare Ben Jonson" and Mr. Phillips should have its hour in the brief traffic of this Festival.

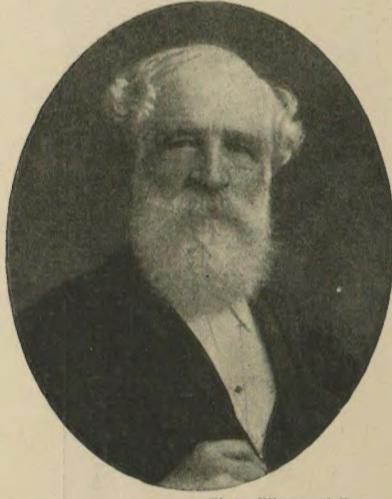


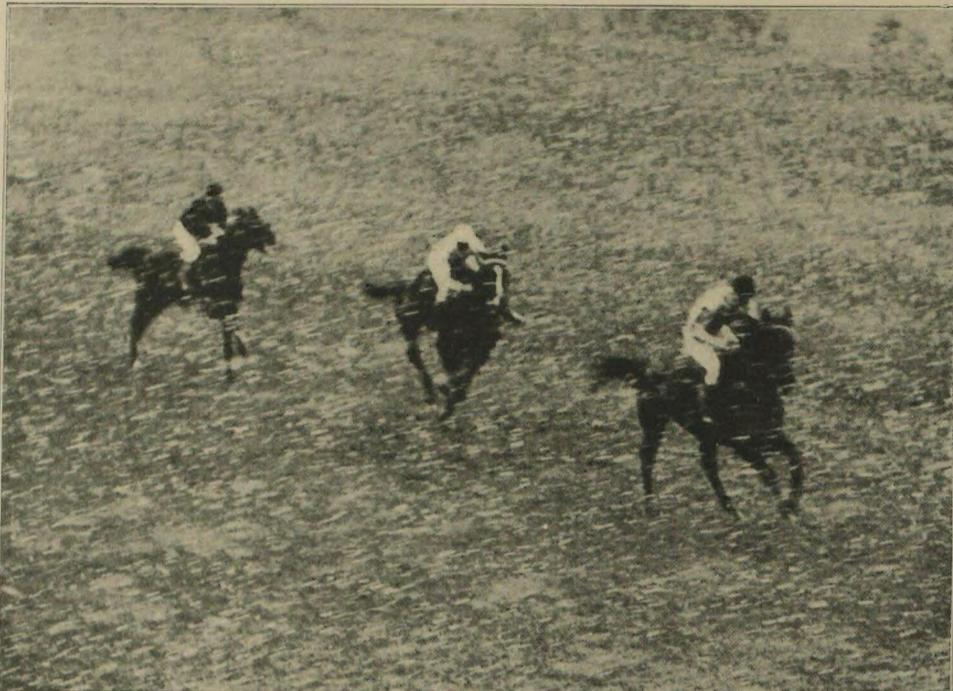
Photo Elliott and Fry.
SIR JAMES D. MARWICK,
Thirty Years Town Clerk of Glasgow (retired).

which wrought great havoc. Seventy Turkish soldiers fell, while the insurgents lost only ten men in all. The Turks were demoralised. Further pressure has been put upon the Sultan to restrain the disaffected Albanians. On April 17 his Majesty received the Austro-Hungarian and Russian Ambassadors in private audience, and shortly afterwards orders were issued for the movement of further bodies of troops to the disturbed neighbourhood. The Ambassadors, it is understood, did not refer to Macedonian affairs, but contented themselves with a firm representation of the necessity of reducing Albania to order as a first step towards any practical reform.

The remains of M. Stcherbina, the murdered Russian Consul of Mitrovitsa, have been removed with every mark of respect to his native town of Tchernigoff, in Russia. His coffin was covered with the Consulate flag. All the high officials attended, and salutes were fired. Ibrahim, the Albanian soldier who murdered the Consul, was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, but, on the urgent demand of Russia, he has been condemned to death.

PRESIDENT LOUBET'S TOUR.

President Loubet had a splendid reception when he arrived at Algiers on the afternoon of April 15. All the war-ships in the harbour fired salutes, while H.M.S. *Magnificent* played the "Marseillaise," a compliment which the *Jeanne d'Arc* returned by playing "God Save the King." President Loubet, with an escort of thirty Arab chiefs, drove immediately to the Winter Palace, and later in the day received the commanding officers of the



A RACE IN A SPRING SNOWSTORM: THE FORTY-FOURTH NEWMARKET BIENNIAL STAKES.

The race for the Forty-fourth Biennial Stakes, which was run in a perfect blizzard, was won by Sir E. Cassel's *Sermon*.

foreign squadron. He also gave audience to the representatives of the public bodies and religious communities. The first evening's proceedings ended with a ball. The following day the President reviewed the land forces and men from the ships of the French Mediterranean Squadron to the number of nine thousand. At the march past, M. Loubet took the salute.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Sir Oliver Mowat, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, who died on April 19 in his eighty-third year, was a notable figure in Canadian politics. For nearly twenty-four years he held continuously the office of Prime Minister of Ontario, and during six General Elections never suffered defeat. Sir Oliver sprang from a Caithness family; his father was a Peninsular veteran, so he had fighting blood in him. He studied law, won reputation as an equity barrister, and after some experience in municipal politics, was in 1857 returned to Parliament as member for South Ontario. In the following year he attained Cabinet rank. In 1864 his membership of the Quebec Conference that framed the Constitution gave him the right to be regarded as one of the "Fathers of Confederation" in Canada. For eight years thereafter he took no part in political life, but returned to it in 1872, when he accepted the post of Minister of Justice in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Federal Cabinet. For the next twenty-four years he was the great opponent in politics of Sir John Macdonald, who, curiously enough, was the lawyer in whose office Mowat had been as a student. The triumph of his administration was his freeing the province from public debt.

Sir James David Marwick, who retires from the Town Clerkship of Glasgow, has held that office since 1873. Sir James is a native of Kirkwall, and was

educated at the grammar school of that town and at Edinburgh University. He studied law, and from 1860 to 1873 was Town Clerk of Edinburgh. He has written largely on historical subjects, and on the antiquities of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

THE "SHAMROCK" DISASTER.

Shamrock III. has afforded a curious and unfortunate parallel to the case of her predecessor, *Shamrock II.*: for, on April 17, at Weymouth, when the yacht was about to start for a trial spin against *Shamrock I.*, she was struck by a squall and dismasted. The steel mast broke off short a little distance above the deck, and went, with all the gear, over the lee side of the vessel, buckling as it fell against the bulwarks. The steward, Collier, was knocked overboard, and although strenuous efforts were made to rescue him, the unfortunate man was carried away by the current and drowned. Several members of the crew were injured, and Sir Thomas Lipton himself suffered somewhat severely. At the moment of the accident to the yacht, her owner was standing near the companion-hatch, down which he was flung violently, with one of the sailors above him. In their fall, they broke the cover of the tank. Sir Thomas's field-glasses were dashed to fragments, and his hand was badly lacerated. In spite of his

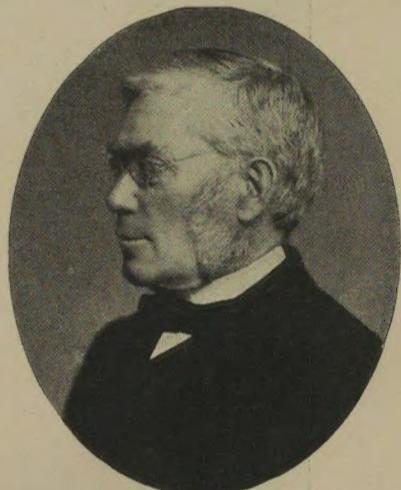


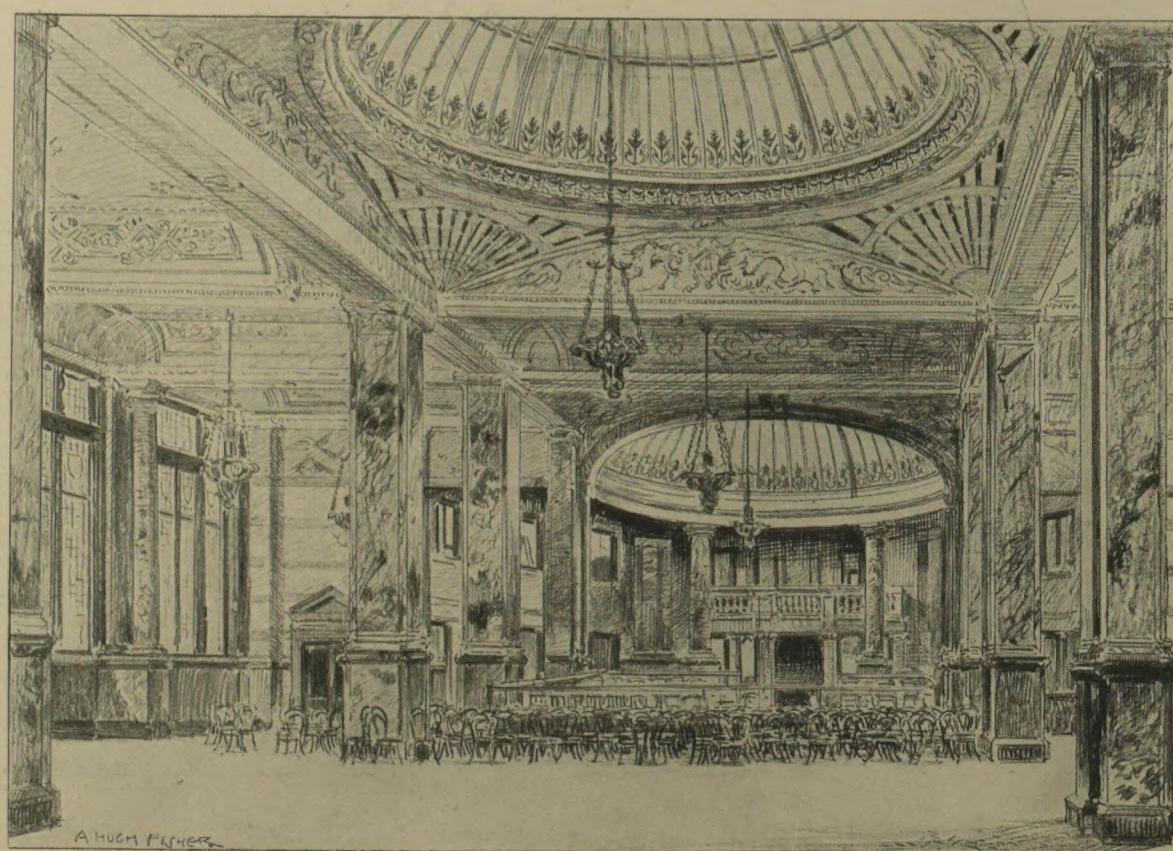
Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR OLIVER MOWAT,
Twenty-four Years Premier of Ontario.

Mr. Fife was telegraphed for; and it is understood that Messrs. Denny are working night and day to complete the new mast. Among the messages of sympathy sent to the owner of *Shamrock III.* were telegrams from the King and the New York Yacht Club. Sir Thomas Lipton declared that his faith was unshaken in the *Shamrock's* chances of victory, and that he had no reason to doubt that on Aug. 20 she would cross the line at Sandy Hook and give a good account of herself.

The defender, *Reliance*, is now at Bristol, Rhode Island. Her superficial area of canvas is 15,800 sq. ft. and her club topsail is 180 ft. above the deck. The new mast of *Shamrock III.* will measure 150ft.

SOMALILAND.

Advices from Somaliland announce that the Damot flying column, under the command of Major Gough, has withdrawn to Bohotle. The column will shortly advance to take up active field service, resigning its garrison duties to the 7th Bombay Pioneers. It has been reinforced by fifty men of the Bikarir Camel Corps. These movements are all in connection with the general advance on Wal-Wal. As we noted in Mr. Melton Prior's letter last week, transport is still a difficulty, and its supply very uncertain. A convoy of five hundred camels has been dispatched to join General Manning. It takes with it rations for the King's African Rifles. Piet Schwartz, a member of the Boer contingent, has been missing for some time, and the worst fears are entertained for his safety. General Manning and the whole force are deeply concerned at his loss.



THE NEW BALTIC EXCHANGE, OPENED APRIL 21.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.

On April 21, the Lord Mayor opened the new Baltic Mercantile and Shipping Exchange, St. Mary Axe. The building takes its name from the old Baltic Coffee House, a favourite resort of the Russian traders. The new Exchange is situated on the site of Jeffrey Square, and will be opened for business on April 27.

LEPOCHARD.

By GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

His applicability was evident to the mind of Jean Fraissigné from the moment when the *camelot* placed Le Pochard on a table in front of the Taverne, and he proceeded to go through his ridiculous pretence of drinking from the cup in his right hand which he filled from the bottle in his left. Jean, who was dawdling over a *demi* and watching the familiar ebb and flow of life on the *Boul' Miche*, was at first passively pleased at the distraction provided by the appearance of the toy, and then, of a sudden, consumedly absorbed in the progress of his operations. For what was plain to any but a blind man was the fact that Le Pochard was the precise counterfeit of Jean's friend and comrade, Grégoire—Grégoire, with his flat-brimmed hat and his loose working-blouse and his loud checked trousers; Grégoire, alas! with his flushed face and his tremulous hands and his unsteady walk, as Jean had seen him a hundred times.

Le Pochard staggered to and fro upon the marble-topped table, nodding maudlinly, and alternately filling his cup and raising it uncertainly to his expressionless face. At last, weakened by his exertions, he passed one arm through the handle of Jean's *demi*, hesitated, and then leaned heavily against the glass and stood motionless, with his top-heavy head bent forward, and his eyes fixed on the price-mark upon the saucer below. This eloquent manœuvre, so unspeakably appealing, determined the future ownership of Le Pochard. Jean purchased him upon the spot, and bore him off in triumph to the Rue de Seine, as an object-lesson for Grégoire Caubert.

The two students shared a little *sous-toit* within a stone's-throw of the Beaux Arts, neither luxuriously nor yet insufficiently furnished. It was Jean's good fortune to have a father who believed in him—not a usual condition of mind in a provincial merchant whose son displays an unaccountable partiality for architecture—and, what was more to the point, who could afford to demonstrate his confidence by remittances,

which were inspiring, if not on the score of magnitude, at least on that of regularity. And, since freedom from pecuniary solicitude is the surest guarantee of a cheerful spirit, there was no more diligent pupil at the Boîte, no blither comrade in idle hours; above all, no more loyal friend, in sun or shadow, throughout the length and breadth of the Quarter, than little Jean le Gai, as he was called by those who loved him and whom he loved.

That was why the comrades were at a loss to understand his friendship for Grégoire Caubert. Had the latter been one of themselves, a type of the school, in that fact alone, whatever his peculiarities, would have lain a reason for the association. But to all intents and purposes, he was of another world. His similarity to Jean and to themselves began and ended with his costume. For the rest, he was silent and reserved, courting no confidence and giving none, unknowing and unknown to the haunts they frequented—the Deux Magots, the Escholiers, the Taverne, the Bullier, and Madame Roupiquet's, in the Rue de Beaune, and the Rouge on Thursday nights. Jean le Gai, when questioned as to the doings of Grégoire, seemed to reflect something of his friend's reserve. He admitted that the other wrote: he even went so far as to prophesy that some day Grégoire would be famous. Further, he made no admissions.

"Diable!" he said. "What does it matter? He goes his way—I go mine. And if we choose to live together, whose concern is it then, I ask you? Fiche-moi la paix, vous autres!"

So popular curiosity went unsatisfied, so far as Grégoire was concerned, and the apparently uncongenial *ménage* came, in time, to be looked upon as one of the unexplained mysteries of the Quarter—one, for the rest, which made no particular difference to anyone save the two immediately concerned.

But if Jean made no admissions as to Grégoire, it was not for lack of sufficient knowledge. They had

met, as men meet in the Quarter, as bubbles meet in a stream and, for reasons not apparent, are drawn together by an irresistible attraction, and fuse into one larger, brighter bubble than either had been before. For little Jean Fraissigne, whose *esquisses* were the wonder of the school, and whose *projets* had already come to be photographed and sold in the shops of the Rue Bonaparte and the Quai de Conti, believed in his heart that architecture was as nothing compared to literature; and Grégoire, whose long, uphill struggle had been unaccompanied by comradely admiration or even encouragement, found indescribable comfort, in the hour of his success, in the faith and approbation of the friend who, alone of all men, knew his secret—knew that the *Réné de Lys* of the "Chansons de Danaë" and the "Voyage de Tristan," of which all Paris was talking, was none other than himself—Grégoire Caubert, on whose wrist the syren of absinthe had laid a hand that was not to be shaken off, and whom she was leading, if by the paths of subtlest fancy and almost miraculous creative faculty, yet toward an end inevitable on which he did not dare to dwell.

To Jean, healthy, rational, and cheerful as a young animal, much that Grégoire said and did was totally incomprehensible, but what he did not understand he set down, with conviction, to the eccentricity of genius. The long nights which he spent alone, sleeping sanely in their bed-room in the Rue de Seine, while Grégoire's cot stood empty beside him, and Grégoire himself was tramping the streets of Paris; the return of his friend in the first faint light of dawn, pale-faced and swaying; the succeeding hours which, despite his exhaustion, he spent at his desk, feverishly writing, and tossing the pages from him one by one until the floor was strewn with them on all sides; finally, his heavy slumber far into the afternoon—all this, to Jean, was but part and parcel of that marvellous thing called literature. He returned at seven to find that Grégoire had prepared



Convulsed with merriment at the performance of the preposterous creature, Jean le Gai lay back upon the divan.

a wonderful little meal, and was walking up and down the floor, unevenly, absinthe in hand, awaiting his arrival.

In the two hours which followed lay the keynote of their sympathy. It was then that Grégoire would read his work of the early morning hour to Jean, curled up on the divan, with his hands clasped behind his head and his eyes round and wide with delight and admiration. What things they were, those fancies that Grégoire had pursued and caught, like night-moths, in the streets of Paris, while stupid folk were sleeping! And how he read them—Grégoire, with his flushed face lit with inspiration and his eyes flaming with enthusiasm! If only he would not drink absinthe, thought little Jean, and said so, timidly at first, and then more earnestly, as little by little the marks of excess grew more plain in his friend. But Grégoire made a joke of this—he who always joked—and in time Jean came to acquiesce; for he never wholly understood—until afterwards.

So, when nine struck, it was understood that they parted company till the following evening. Jean brought out his drawing-board, his T-square, and all their attendant paraphernalia, and toiled at his *calques* with infinite patience and unerring accuracy until midnight; and Grégoire, having corrected his manuscript here and there, gnawing savagely at his pencil the while, enclosed it in one of his long envelopes, scrawled *Rédaction du Journal* upon it, stamped it, and went out into the night to mail the old, and seek new, moths. And this was all there was to the comradeship which mystified the Quarter, save that the love of Jean for Grégoire and of Grégoire for Jean was as deep and unfaltering as the current of the eternal Seine—and, if anything, more silent!

Jean wound up Le Pochard stealthily on the landing outside the apartment door, and, entering, placed it suddenly upon the table under the very nose of Grégoire, who stood, sipping his absinthe, in the centre of the room. Le Pochard rocked and swayed, ticking like a little clock, and drinking cup after cup of his imaginary beverage as if his life depended upon the quantity consumed. Convulsed with merriment at the performance of the preposterous creature, Jean le Gai lay back upon the divan, kneading the cushions with his fists and kicking his heels against the floor, and Grégoire, a slow smile curling his thin, sensitive lips, seemed to forget even his absinthe until the toy's energy slackened, and he paused, with the bottle shaking in his hand, and his eyes, as usual, bent upon the ground. Then, "Eh b'en quoi?" said Grégoire, looking up at his friend.

"Mais c'est toi!" burst out the little architect in an ecstasy. "It is thou to the life, my Grégoire! Remark the blouse—what?—and the hat, sale pompier!—and the checked grimپant, name of a pipe! But it is thy brother—Le Pochard; thy twin—thou, thyself!"

And, seizing the glass from Grégoire's hand, he carefully filled Le Pochard's cup with absinthe, and set him reeling and swaggering again, so that the immoral little animal spilled the liquid on his blouse, and presently fell headlong, totally overcome, with his nose pressed flat against the table.

Thereafter it was a comradeship of three instead of two. It was quite in accord with the whimsically fanciful nature of Grégoire that he should take Le Pochard into his affections, and even call him "brother" and "cher confrère." He treated him, did Grégoire, with marked deference and studied non-observance of his besetting weakness, and he expected and received from Le Pochard a like respect and indulgence in return. That, at least, was how he described their relations to Jean, and Jean, curled up upon the divan, was never tired of the droll pretence, but would laugh night after night till the tears came at the common tact and the mutual courtesy of Grégoire and Le Pochard.

Linked by this new, if unstable, bond of sympathy, neither of the friends understood, during the months that followed, that their paths, which had so long lain parallel, were gradually but inevitably diverging. Jean was now wrapped heart and soul in the competition for the Prix de Rome, and as he said himself, *en charrette* eternally. Even the work of his comrade, which formerly had held him spellbound, lost for him little by little much of its compelling charm. His nimble mind, busy with the stern, symmetrical lines of columns and the intricate proportioning of capitals, drifted imperceptibly away from its one-time appreciation of pure imagery. He returned later at night from the *atelier*, consumed the meal they ate in common with growing impatience, and was busy with his *calques* again before Grégoire had finished his coffee. The evening readings, grown shorter and shorter, were finally abandoned altogether, and oftener than not, he was totally oblivious to the presence of Grégoire, correcting his manuscript at the little desk, or his noiseless departure with the stamped envelope under his arm. Had he been told, he would have denied his defection with the scorn born of conviction. It was not that he loved his comrade less, but only that the growing promise of the Prix de Rome lay, like the marvel of dawn on the horizon of the immediate future, blinding his eyes to all beside. For Jean le Gai was finding himself, and in the crescent light of that new and wonderful discovery whatever had been bright before grew tawdry.

Only one evidence remained of what had been. Le Pochard, with his absurd inanity, was yet a feature of every dinner in the Rue de Seine, and because Grégoire invented daily some new drollery in connection with their senseless toy, Jean was unaware that things were no longer the same; that his friend was thinner and more nervous; that the circles had deepened under his eyes; that he said no word of his work. They laughed together at Le Pochard, and laughed again at their own amusement. So the days went by and still their paths diverged—Jean's toward the sun-gilt hills of promise and prosperity, Grégoire's toward the valley of shadow that a man must tread alone.

Despite his proclivities, neither foresaw the end of Le Pochard. So gradual was his decline toward utter degradation that the varnish was gone from his narrow boots and his round weak face, and his simple attire was frayed and worn, before they had remarked the change.

Then, one night, as Grégoire wound him, the key turned futilely in the spring. Placed in his accustomed position on the table, Le Pochard made one feeble gesture of surrender with his bottle, one unavailing effort to raise his absinthe to his lips, and, reeling dizzily, crashed down upon the floor, his debauches done with for ever.

It was a curious thing that, in the face of this absurdity, neither of the comrades smiled. In some unaccountable fashion Le Pochard had come to be so much a part of their association that in his passing there was less of farce than tragedy. And Jean, looking across at Grégoire, saw for the first time the pitiful change that had crept into the face of his friend, the utter weariness where restless energy had been, the dullness of the eyes wherein imagination had played like a will-o'-the-wisp above the slough of destiny. And Grégoire, looking across at Jean, knew that the moment had come, and dropped his glance, ashamed, fingering the tattered blouse of Le Pochard.

"One might have expected it," said Jean, with a smile that was not a smile. "I suppose we must forgive him his faults now that he is gone. De mortuis nil nisi bonum!"

Then, as Grégoire made no reply, he added—

"I shall not work to-night. I am tired. Que veux-tu? I have been doing too much. So we will sit by the fire, n'est-ce pas?—and thou shalt read to me as before. Dieu! It is a long time since the moths have shown their wings!"

In the tiny grate the cannel coal snapped and spat fretfully, and Jean, buried in the largest chair, winked at the sparks, and furtively, from the corners of his brown eyes, watched Grégoire read half-heartedly, with the lamplight cutting sharply across his thin cheek and his temples on which the veins stood singularly out.

He was no critic, little Jean le Gai, yet even he knew that something had touched and bruised the wings of this latest moth that Grégoire had pursued and caught while stupid folk were sleeping, so that it was not as had been the others, downy with the shifting brilliance of many unimagined hues, but dull and sombre, like the look he had surprised in the face of his friend. And so subtly-keyed were the strings of their unspoken sympathy that night that a sense of the other's feeling stole in upon Grégoire long before the manuscript was finished, and suddenly he cast it from him into the grate, where the little flames caught at it, and wrapped it round, and sucked out its life, exulting until it lay, blackened and dying, writhing on the coals.

"Why?" said Jean. But he knew.

"Because," answered Grégoire slowly, with his eyes upon the shrunken, faintly whispering ashes of his pages, whereat the sparks gnawed with insatiable greed, "because, my little one, it is finished. What I have done I shall never do again. Never didst thou wholly understand—least of all in these last days—when thy work absorbed thee. If one is to catch night-moths with such a tender touch and preserve them with such care for other men to see, that no one little glint of radiance may be missing from their wings, one has need of a clear eye and of a steady hand, and neither is mine. My father, of whom I have never spoken to thee—my father, who left me this gift of trapping the thoughts that others see not as they fly, yet love and cherish when they are caught and pinned upon a page, yet left me a companion curse—the curse of absinthe, little Jean, that is not to be gainsaid. For as the gift was beautiful, so was it also frail, and as the curse was subtle, so was it also strong. I have seen the end—long—long. Now it is here. My work is finished. The curse has knocked at the door of my body, and at the signal the gift has flown forth from the window of my soul."

He paused and, pausing, smiled.

"Thou didst most nearly understand me, Jean," he continued, "in buying Le Pochard. For in truth he was my brother—my twin—my soul, in the semblance of a toy! How we have laughed at him! Yet all along I have seen myself in that senseless little man of tin. Is it fanciful? Peut-être bien! But now that he is gone, I see that I must go too—and in the same way, my Jean, in the same way—with my absinthe in my hand and the key of inspiration turning uselessly in the broken spring of my heart!"

He rose suddenly with a shiver, and looked down at Jean le Gai. For an instant he touched him on the hair, and then he was gone into the night, leaving the little architect gazing, wide-eyed and mute, at the crinkling ashes of the last, unworthiest moth of all.

During the days that followed, Le Pochard stood upon the mantel-corner. They no longer touched him, but left him, as it were, a monument to his own folly.

There was no further trace in Grégoire's manner of the mood which had loosened his tongue on the night of his last reading. To Jean, who, in his simplicity, stood ready with comfort and encouragement, he seemed to be in need of neither. Plainly, what he had said was but a phase of that strange imagination which had dictated the exquisite pathos of his "Danaë" and his "Tristan"; and, moreover, this one thing little Jean had learned—that his friend lived the moods he wrote, and that, oftentimes when what he said was seemingly most personal, he was posing for his own pen—a painter of words drawing his reflection in the mirror opposite. So the vague alarm aroused by his words died down, and Jean plunged once more into his work.

In those last days of the competition, his *projet*, laboriously builded, detail by detail, leaped into completion with a suddenness startling even to himself. He knew that it was good—knew so without the surprising enthusiasm of his comrades at the *atelier*, and the still more surprising commendation of his *patron*, the great Laloux himself, whose frown a habit, and whose "Bon!" a miracle. But even Jean le Gai, with all his buoyant optimism, was unprepared in conviction for those words which reverberated to his ears, like thunder, beneath the dome of the Institut.

"Prix de Rome—Jean Fraissigne—Atelier Laloux!"

Would Grégoire never come? He asked himself the question a hundred times as he paced the floor of their living-room, an hour before dinner, exulting in the cold roast chicken and the champagne and the huge Maréchal

Niel rose which he had purchased for the occasion. For he was determined, was Jean le Gai, that Grégoire should be the first to know. Was it not Grégoire who had encouraged him all along, who had prophesied success when as yet the *projet* was no more than an *esquisse exquise*, who had laughed down Jean's forebodings, and magnified Jean's hopes a hundredfold? Yes; evidently Grégoire must be the first to know, before even a *bleu* should be sent to Avignon to gladden the heart of Fraissigne *père*.

But when Grégoire came, there was no need to tell him, after all. For it was the chicken that shouted Jean's news—the chicken and the champagne, and the great pink rose, and most of all, the face of Jean himself. So it was that Grégoire held out his long, thin arms widespread, and that into them rushed Jean, to be hugged and patted, as he gabbled some things that there was a chance of understanding, and many more that there was not.

"Rome—Rome, think of it! And the *paternel*—but he will die of joy! Ah, mon vieux—Rome! The dreams—the hopes—all I have wished for—and now—and now. Ah, mon vieux, mon vieux!"

And so again and again, clamouring incoherently, while Grégoire, holding him tight, could only pat and pat, and say over and over: "It is well, my little brother! My little brother, it is very, very well!"

They dined like princes, these two, pledging each other, laughing, singing, shouting. Never had Jean le Gai so well deserved his name, never had Grégoire been so whimsically droll. Even Le Pochard was restored to his old position and coaxed to repeat his former antics. But it was all in vain. The key refused to catch the spring, and, replaced upon the table, Le Pochard only nodded once or twice with profound melancholy, and stared at little Jean out of his round eyes. Once Jean thought he caught in the face of his friend a hint of the sadness of that other night, but when he looked again the sadness, if sadness it were, was gone. Grégoire filled his glass, and pledged him anew with a laugh.

"Rome, mon petit frère—Rome!"

At nine they went out together, Jean to dispatch his *bleu* and join the comrades at the Taverne—for this was a night to be celebrated with songs and many drained *demis*—and Grégoire, who knew where?

Who knew where? Only the Seine, perhaps, sulking past the rampart on which he leaned, thinking, thinking, until the gaunt dawn crept up, like a sick man from his bed, behind the towers of Notre Dame, and the shutters of the shops on the Quai de Conti came rattling down, and street cries went shrilly through the thin morning air—"Rac'modeur, d' fai-ence et d' por-or-celaine!" or "'Archand de rô-binets! Tureet, tureetututututu!" Then Grégoire went slowly back to the Rue de Seine.

Jean spent the succeeding days in a whirl of excitement. There were calls to be made, farewell suppers to be eaten, and all the preparation for departure to be superintended. Fraissigne *père* sent a joyful letter, and in the letter a substantial draft, so that Jean had two new *complets*, and shirts, and socks, and shoes, and a brilliantly varnished trunk with his name and address painted in black letters on the end, "J. Fraissigne, Villa Medici, Rome." It was magnificent! In this and a packing-case he stowed his clothes and his household gods, though when the latter had been collected the little apartment in the Rue de Seine looked pitifully bare. There were dark squares on the faded red wall-paper, and clean circles on the dust of the shelves, where his pictures and casts and little ornaments had been, but Grégoire only laughed and said that the place had been too crowded before, and that the long-needed house-cleaning was no longer an impossibility.

So, before they realised the fact, the moment of parting was upon them, and the *sapin*, with Jean's luggage on top, stood waiting at the door. The *concierge*, wiping her hands upon her blue-checked apron, came out to bid her favourite lodger good-bye. A little throng of curious idlers paused on the narrow side-walk gaping at the new trunk with the glaring lettering. The *cocher* was already untying the nosebag in which his lean brown horse had been nuzzling for fifteen minutes. And on the kerb, arm linked in arm, the two comrades stood watching him, with no courage to meet each other's eyes. For each had a thousand things to say, and never a word in which to say them.

At the end, as their hands met, it was only a commonplace that came to Jean's tongue.

"Thou wilt write me, vieux? And in four years—ce qui va vite, du reste!—we shall be together once more!"

In four years—in four years—in four years! The words beat dully at Grégoire's temples, as he watched the cab swing round the corner of the Institut toward the Quai Malaquais, with Jean's handkerchief fluttering at the window of the *portière*. Four years—four years—four years! How easy it was to say for one who did not know that the end had come—that the moths of fancy that fly by night must be caught by others now—that the syren of absinthe was standing ready to claim her own!

Grégoire mounted the stairs slowly, unlocked the door, and stepped into the familiar room, dim now in the last faint light of day. His absinthe stood upon the table, and he took it up and paused, looking about him. Presently he went forward to the mantel, and, laying one hand upon it, bent forward, peering at a little photograph of Jean which leaned against the mirror. The woodwork jarred under his touch, and Le Pochard, in his corner, stirred, ticked feebly, and strove to raise his cup to his lips. Wheeling at the sound, Grégoire met the eyes of the dissipated little toy for a full minute, motionless and silent. Then, with a sob, he hurled his glass into the grate, where it was shivered into a hundred fragments, and flung himself on his knees by the divan, with his face buried in his hands. "Mon frère!" he murmured, "my little brother—help me—help me to be strong!"

And, though Jean heard not, another and a better Brother listened, and understood, and drew near.

On the mantel Le Pochard bent his head and gazed shamefacedly upon the ground. For his reign was at an end.

THE END.

PRIMROSE DAY CELEBRATIONS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY, APRIL 19.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER: PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIGHTMAN.



THE DISASTROUS ACCIDENT TO THE AMERICA CUP CHALLENGER, "SHAMROCK III.," AT WEYMOUTH, APRIL 17.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. J. MASTERS, WEYMOUTH.

The "Erin."



THE YACHT AFTER SHE WAS DISABLED, SHOWING THE BUCKLED STEEL MAST AND ENORMOUS LENGTH OF MAIN BOOM.

On April 17, when the challenger was starting for a trial run at Weymouth, she was dismasted by a sudden squall. The steel mast broke off short about four feet from the deck and fell over the ice rail, buckling once again against the bulwarks. The cause of the accident is supposed to have been the breaking of a screw in the weather-shrouds.

A N E C H O O F T H E R E N A I S S A N C E I N I T A L Y.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



A DISCOURSE UPON SOVEREIGN BEAUTY.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Book of Months. By E. F. Benson. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
The Parish of Hilby. By Mary E. Mann. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The Advanced Guard. By Sydney C. Grier. (London: Blackwood. 6s.)
Social England: A Record of the Progress of the People. Edited by H. D. Traill and J. S. Mann. Vol. IV.: 1603-1714. (London: Cassell. 1s. net.)
With Macdonald in Uganda. By Major H. H. Austin, R.E. (London: Arnold. 15s.)
Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature: Vol. III. The Reaction in France. By George Brandes. (London: Heinemann.)
The Spirit and Origin of Christian Monasticism. By James O. Hannay, M.A. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

Mr. Benson has opened a door, and permitted the public to see not only his finished work, but the shavings on the floor, his tools, and himself among them. He has his misgivings; he makes haste on an early page to confess that "The Book of Months" is "almost certainly worth nothing," and so to disarm the critics. This is an excess of humility, and it is possible that his inmost heart protested as he wrote it. He describes, in "March"—the chapters follow the year—the begetting and birth of a book with a clinical accuracy of detail, and in it he speaks of the happy days of "great mental activity and an enormous consumption of sermon-paper," which come between the more depressing periods of incubation. In these golden hours, at least, he must have known that he was tasting the joys of the successful craftsman. He mistrusts the professional critic; but it is more likely that the general reader, rushing eagerly in with hot memories of "Dodo" and "Mammon and Co.," will falter on the threshold. If he does so, and ventures no farther, he will be a loser; for here is fine drawing (too fine now and then; why does the author twice insist on "the scream of a blind"?)—here are laughter and tears, and a direct outlook upon the eternal comedy. Sometimes, but not often, the book is trivial; sometimes it is superficially clever, which is unnecessary, for Mr. Benson has had time to outgrow that stage; for the most part it is sympathetic, artistic, and intensely human. September, as felt and seen in Capri, is described with amazing vividness. The pathetic love-story of English May and June is told powerfully, and with restraint. It is an uncommon and a charming book.

When we say that there are some writers who seem not to advance in their later works beyond the standard of the earlier, we do not mean to be uncomplimentary to Mrs. Mann. "The Parish of Hilby" is, in point of fact, a reissue of her first book, and in the opinion of the present writer it compares very favourably with some later volumes from the same pen. The probable character of the story is sufficiently indicated by the title, and the reader, aware that the interest of such a book depends almost entirely on the justice of the writer's observation, and on his gift for portraying what he sees, prepares to be critical. Such criticism Mrs. Mann does not need to fear. Her familiarity with village types is soon apparent, though perhaps it is more as individuals than as types that these appeal to the mind. More amateurish is the broad and sweeping demarcation of character—on the one hand incurable vulgarity; on the other, in like measure, what for want of a better term we must be content to call gentility. But if the farmer's daughter and the parson's sister are represented as asunder as the poles, they are still allied in their essential femininity. The one man who appealed to both is not good enough to be very stupid, which is a mercy, nor weak enough to be despicable; so far as interest is concerned, this is perhaps the happy mean.



STREET SELLERS IN LONDON, 1698:
THE CHICKEN-SELLER.

Reproduced from "Social England" by permission of the publishers.

which is a mercy, nor weak enough to be despicable; so far as interest is concerned, this is perhaps the happy mean.

"The Advanced Guard" is a story of the Indian frontier, the period being the early 'fifties, and the central character one of those iron-handed, incorruptible soldiers of whom John Nicholson was the greatest example. The little group of Englishmen at Alibad, and the two ladies (whose presence in the borderland may have been an embarrassment to the warrior-politicians, but is a stroke of great good fortune to the author) undergo many exciting experiences. Miss Grier, indeed, errs on the side of generosity: there is a redundancy of incident, and stirring events tread upon each other's heels with a somewhat bewildering rapidity. The book lacks light and shade, and the main situations are not sufficiently detached from their surroundings. Nevertheless, it is a painstaking piece of work, and it bears evidence of a careful study of frontier history. The fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly in Bokhara in 1843 has its counterpart here; and it is to be feared that

the apathy of the Indian Government over Miss Grier's imaginary envoys is no caricature of a shameful detail of the real tragedy. The story cannot fail to interest; but it would have had more power if it had been shorn of a third of its length, and if the stern Major had been allowed to retire with his well-earned promotion and his bride, instead of lingering through the anti-climax of the concluding chapters.

England under the Stuarts must always be attractive to the social historian, be he an individual or a committee, and the fourth volume of "Social England" fully keeps up the reputation of the work. We may perhaps make two superficial criticisms—first, that the volume is rather heavy in the hand; and secondly, that for an explanation of the admirable illustrations which occur on almost every page one is driven to a



CHARLES II. AND THE KIRK.

(FROM A SATIRICAL PRINT OF 1651.)

Reproduced from "Social England" by permission of Messrs. Cassell and Co.

table at the beginning of the book. But they are so skilfully selected and so well reproduced that a little trouble is well repaid. Historical portraits and contemporary political cartoons are alike requisitioned, and the cartoons in particular often lend piquancy to the text. The period covered is one of which we all know something, thanks to Macaulay and Gardiner. It contained some of the most dramatic events in the national story; it witnessed the beginnings of modern political life; and echoes of its controversies have still power to infuriate the Englishman of to-day—or perhaps we should say to excite the Englishman and to infuriate the Scot and the Irishman. England had no sack of Drogheda, no massacre of Glencoe. It is a period in which the historian who summarises should walk carefully; and herein we think the book as a whole fails. A certain impartiality of broad effect is, indeed, produced by the medley of conflicting voices, but several of the purely historical chapters are frankly partisan. Mr. Hassall is fair if not always accurate (he places the Solemn League and Covenant in the year of the very different National Covenant), and Mr. A. L. Smith describes the great Civil War with wonderful clearness and comparative impartiality. But Mr. Colville treats Scottish history in the narrowest Presbyterian spirit; while Dr. Joyce's unimpassioned prose masks a biased version of Irish affairs from a Roman Catholic standpoint. One is unfair to Montrose, the other to Ormond. Mr. W. H. Hutton writes of Laud and his times in a High Anglican spirit which produces a brilliant study, but fails to say the last word. In a book like this we do not want to hear what individual essayists think of our great men; we desire a plain statement of historical facts which will serve as an accompaniment to the record of social development. And thus many of us will prefer the chapters on such topics as the Army, the Navy, the development of trade, and social life. Professor Saintsbury's criticisms on the literature of the period are interesting; but here again we have too much individual assertion. The reign of Charles II. is somewhat scantily treated, perhaps because everyone is supposed to know Macaulay; and the amazing omission of the English contributors to give any adequate account of the Titus Oates affair, which Dr. Joyce mentions, would confirm any foreign critic in his belief in our national hypocrisy. The picture of Whitehall under the Merry Monarch is decorous and rather tame: we search the index in vain for Nell Gwynne's name! One of the illustrations here reproduced tends to explain, if not to justify, the roisterings of Charles II. when he had escaped from moral tutelage.

In "With Macdonald in Uganda" Major Austin gives the story of the Soudanese Mutiny, which interrupted the work of exploration, and an account of journeys which were resumed after the outbreak had been suppressed. If the reader fail to obtain a perfectly clear and connected account of the military operations against the mutineers, the fault hardly lies with the author: it is a most difficult thing to trace the parts played by columns operating independently in the same large area towards the same end; and that the work of the troops led by the writer should be shown in greatest detail is only what we expect. Major Austin is at pains to demonstrate that the troubles with the Soudanese arose from no want of consideration on the part of Colonel Macdonald; and the view held by the officers of the expedition that these men, in the arrogance of their ignorance, cherished a notion of establishing a Mohammedan kingdom of their own in the Protectorate, is without doubt the correct one. The first half of the book describes the incidents of the mutiny; the latter deals with the author's own experiences

in the little-known country between Mount Elgon and Lake Rudolf—an eventful expedition varied by fights with predatory tribes, big-game shooting, semi-starvation, and tropical storms. As a record of the mutiny, the book has real value; as a story of African travel, it possesses more than ordinary interest.

Dr. Brandes stands in the very front rank of living critics. His six-volumed monograph on the literary movements of the nineteenth century, well-known for many years past on the Continent, is reckoned as serious a contribution to the critical literature of the period as the studies of Ibsen and Björnson. The third volume of the monograph, "The Reaction in France," lies before us now. Bonald, Madame de Krüdener, Chateaubriand, Vigny, Joseph de Maistre, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, are passed in review. The author shows a very extensive acquaintance with the work of all these writers. If his theories concerning the genesis of their literary style do not carry conviction with them, they are at least entitled to our respect, for they are carefully thought out and cleverly presented. The Revolution in France was not only social and political, it was literary as well, and in the ruins of the old social order the eighteenth-century literary traditions found their grave. The path to Parnassus was free; the literary man, product in part of the forces the Revolution had let loose, might wander where he pleased. Naturally enough, he became the creator of a new authority. The clever pedants of a past time found none to imitate them. Perhaps Madame de Staél and Chateaubriand were the most powerful forces working for the new order. Before they had passed away, the literary traditions they had known in their youth and rejected in their prime were dead and beyond hope of resurrection. We need but a very casual acquaintance with it to appreciate the great change between eighteenth and nineteenth century literature in France; but we are not the less indebted to Dr. Brandes for his interesting exposition of the causes that made the changes possible, and the various paths that were tried and rejected, after patient endeavour and prolonged controversy. Great interest attaches to the remaining volumes, which will soon be published in an English dress: the next of the series deals with Naturalism in England. When the entire work is before the English reader, he will be in a position to understand why the author's reputation is so widely spread. We have waited a long time for these volumes, and the fact that their criticisms do not need revision after many years is eloquent testimony to the author's judgment.

Mr. Hannay's subject, "The Spirit and Origin of Christian Monasticism," has occupied Continental (especially German) scholars much, and English scholars little or not at all. His book, therefore, has a peculiar place, gained by the rare matter, as well as a high place, gained by the author's erudition and admirably impartial historical method. He has produced in a little volume the result of much research in national and private libraries. Patristic literature has been the foundation, but Mr. Hannay is deeply read also in the modern history, criticism, and commentary that have followed. His interest in his subject is that of the psychologist as well as that of the historian. He prefers the study of the Early Christian, the Egyptian, and the more properly Monastic asceticism by a preliminary inquiry into the attitude of the modern religious mind in regard to the whole subject of refusal and restraint. In their view of asceticism, as represented chiefly by solitude, fasting, and celibacy, he finds the chief and all-important



CHIMNEY-SWEEPS, 1693.

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difference between Roman Catholic and Protestant Christians in all times since the Reformation divided those two classes. In the Protestant division he finds not only the abjuration of this asceticism, but also a very keen loathing of its spirit and practices. And it is remarkable that Protestantism, while imposing, as in the form of Puritanism it did so conspicuously, many kinds of self-restraint (as recognising the fact that a Christianity without self-denial could hardly claim the New Testament as its textual authority), did sedulously eschew the three forms of asceticism above named. It chose in their stead the observance of the first day of the week by abstinence from amusements, the patient endurance of long sermons and services, and avoidance of theatres. These things are so evidently a form of asceticism that Mr. Hannay perhaps states the case of the Protestant detestation of ascetic practices rather too roundly. But his study of the difference of feeling is nevertheless admirable and truly philosophic. The following valuable history of the first hermits, the early monks, the successive orders and communities, suffers little or nothing from the necessary brevity.



Photo, Gibson, London

SUBMERGED FOR A CENTURY: THE RECOVERY OF A GUN, WITH SHOT ADHERING, SUNK WITH H.M.S. "ANSON" DECEMBER 26, 1807.
On April 14 Captain Anderson began to investigate the "Anson's" wreckage on Loe Bar, Porthleven, and brought up a big gun, to which adhered, curiously enough, several round shot, which had been attached by the corroding action of the water.



Photo, Beard, Littlestone.

A MARTELLO TOWER SPLIT BY WINTER GALES.
The Martello Tower between Hythe and Dymchurch (one of those erected when Napoleon threatened our shores) has been split into three by the scouring away of the foundations.



Photo, Kidd, Notts, Esq.

THE CAVE DWELLINGS OF NOTTINGHAM LATELY REDISCOVERED.

These caves, which were inhabited as late as the sixteenth century, are of prehistoric origin. The central chamber, here illustrated, is twenty feet high. The roof is supported by six pillars, each fourteen feet in circumference. Entrance is gained from the face of the cliff, whence ten rock-cut steps lead into the central apartment.



THE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CUP: THE FINAL TIE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, APRIL 18.

The final tie was played off between Bury and Derby County in presence of 64,000 spectators, and resulted in a win for Bury by six goals to nil.

KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO PARIS AND ENTERTAINMENT BY HIS AMBASSADOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHUSSAUX-FLAVIENS.



LADY MONSON.



THE THRONE ROOM AT THE EMBASSY.

THE CARRIAGE KING EDWARD WILL USE: THE STATE COACH OF THE EMBASSY, RARELY SEEN IN PUBLIC.



THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR E. MONSON.

THE GREAT RECEPTION ROOM OF THE EMBASSY.

THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN PARIS FROM THE PARK: THE KING'S APARTMENTS ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

FROM THE PERSIAN GULF TO THE BOSPHORUS BY RAIL: SCENES ON THE PROJECTED ROUTE OF THE BAGHDAD RAILWAY.



THE EASTERN TERMINUS OF THE BAGHDAD RAILWAY—KOWEIT: THE SHEIKH'S PALACE.

DECREPIT MODERN BAGHDAD: THE RUINOUS SOUTH GATE.

A FAMOUS GOAL OF PILGRIMS: THE MOSQUE OF KAZMAIN, OLD BAGHDAD.

A TYPICAL PASSENGER:
A BAGHDADI LADY.

THE CREEK LEADING FROM SHAR'l-ARAB TO BUSSORAH.

THE BRIDGE OF BOATS AT BAGHDAD, OCCASIONALLY OPENED FOR THE PASSAGE OF SHIPS.

A TYPICAL PASSENGER: A MOHAMMEDAN LADY
OF BAGHDAD.

THE MOAT ROUND THE WALLS OF BAGHDAD.

THE RUINS OF THE GREATEST ARCHED HALL IN THE WORLD, AT CTESIPHON.

THE STARTING-POINT OF THE BAGHDAD RAILWAY: A DISTANT VIEW OF SCUTARI.

The line already exists from Scutari to Konich (the ancient Irenium), whence the proposed extension would run by way of Adana, Mosul, Baghdad, and Bussorah to Kuwait, which is in the British sphere of influence.

THE OPENING-UP OF NIGERIA: WITH THE ANGLO-FRENCH BOUNDARY
SETTLEMENT COMMISSION.



A DOSSO DRUMMER.



THE KING OF KARA-KARA'S STATE TRUMPETERS



A STATE DRUMMER OF THE KING OF KARA-KARA.



THE KING OF DOSSO VISITING THE INTERNATIONAL CAMP.



THE SERIKI OF KARA-KARA VISITING THE INTERNATIONAL CAMP IN STATE.



THE FRENCH COMMISSIONERS.



A WEAVER AT DOSSO.



THE ENGLISH COMMISSIONERS.

The primitive loom is particularly interesting from its likeness to the ordinary European hand-loom. The comb dividing the threads of the warp, the roller receiving the finished web, the shuttle, can all be traced in our illustration.

THE TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS: PREPARATIONS FOR REBELLION.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



ALBANIANS CONCEALING AMMUNITION.

The preparations for a rising have been extensive and deliberate. The rebel bands are carefully drilled and organised, each having its standard-bearer. The officers carry Russian magazine rifles, and the men the Berdan weapon. Arms and ammunition have been smuggled into the country as holy relics.

The Simplest Truths are Mightiest in their Force !!

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN !

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

'Her joy was Duty,
And love was Law.'

ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST POETIC GEMS:

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dare to own,
For something better than she had known.
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid,
And asked a draught from the spring that
flowed
Through the meadow across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter
draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and
trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming
bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered
whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul
weather.
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
"That I the Judge's bride might be!
"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
"And praise and toast me at his wine.
"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
"My brother should sail a painted boat;
"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
"And the baby should have a new toy each
day.
"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
"And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
"Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
"Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
"But low of cattle and song of birds,
"And health and quiet and loving words."

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in Court an old love tune:
And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.
He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow
He watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.
And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah that I was free again!
"Free, as when I rode that day,
"Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door
But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.
And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned.
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."
Alas! for maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

WHITTIER



Maud Muller.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
"Show her wise and good as she is fair.
"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
"Like her, a harvester of hay:

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.
So closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN ?

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

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CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule, and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Otherwise you have a WORTHLESS Imitation.

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LADIES' PAGES.

King Edward's first visit to Paris in his capacity of Sovereign of the British Empire is an interesting occasion. As Prince of Wales, of course, the King was as much at home in Paris as in London, and he has always been very popular with the French people, many of whom openly regret the "movement" and display and social leadership of the Court which they no longer possess. The Parisians will be very sorry that Queen Alexandra has not accompanied the King, for her Majesty also is immensely admired by the French, who consider that in her grace and in her skill in dress she is more like a Parisienne than like an English-woman. Some additional interest is given to this visit from the Sovereign of Great Britain to the President of France by the recollection that the date is very near the anniversary of the last State visit that was paid by the head of the neighbouring nation to our Sovereign in London. The Emperor Napoleon III. was in England for five days in 1855. The then young and beautiful Empress of the French will surely, in her retreat at Cap Martin, think often at this juncture of what must have been to her so great and interesting an event as her sisterly reception by the Queen of England from April 16 to 21 forty-eight years ago. Queen Victoria had an opportunity on that occasion of proving that personal courage which was praised in her upon many occasions when she calmly passed through danger. The Emperor Napoleon was known to be very unpopular with a section of his subjects, and, as a fact, he was fired at in the Champs Elysées exactly a week after his return to Paris. The Queen, however, when she accompanied the Emperor to the Crystal Palace, insisted, notwithstanding his remonstrances, on walking beside him through the crowds that filled the nave. With her usual simplicity, she wrote in her diary that evening: "I own I felt anxious as we passed along through the multitude of people, who, after all, were very close to us. I felt as I walked on the Emperor's arm that I was possibly a protection for him. All thoughts of nervousness for myself were past; I thought only of him: and so it is, Albert says, when one forgets oneself, one loses this great and foolish nervousness." The truest courage being that which is alive to danger, and yet does not shrink from encountering it, the little revelation in the last few words is the more touching and interesting.

Among the things which they do differently in America is the arrangement of a wedding. The old fashion now abandoned here of having groomsmen still flourishes over there. The bridesmaids are each attended by a young gentleman, who makes himself useful before the ceremony by showing the guests into their places, and is therefore called an usher; and when the bridal party leaves the church each attendant maiden is escorted by the appointed usher. The weddings often take place in



A WALKING SKIRT AND BOLERO.

the bride's parents' house, and frequently are celebrated in the evening. Flowers are used in immense profusion. At the Vanderbilt wedding, which took place last week, twenty florists were engaged for several days previously in decorating the house in which the bridal reception was held. The newly married couple stood to receive their friends' congratulations under an enormous marriage-bell of white flowers. Ropes of blossoms were hung all across the ceilings, and every possible corner was turned into a bower, with a wealth of floral decorations. The greatest novelty to English ideas, perhaps, is the American "high life" custom of holding a rehearsal of the ceremony, which is carried out in all its details, so that bride and bridegroom, best man, ushers and bridesmaids, the bride's father and mother, and everyone else who is to take any active part, shall be well aware of what is expected of them on the fateful day. The Vanderbilt wedding was rehearsed two days before the real ceremony in the presence of quite a large company of friends and relatives. The wedding-presents were valued at over two hundred thousand pounds, and were stored as they arrived in the safe-deposit vaults of the local bank at Newport, while a large force of police watched the bank night and day, as well as the rooms in which the presents were shown after the ceremony.

Lace, always a subject of interest to women, is even more a matter of moment than usual at present, for there is scarcely a smart frock upon which it is not employed. There is a renewal of favour this season for the old-fashioned Yak lace, that coarse kind of decoration which was much in vogue some years ago. It is being used upon the light spring woollens, and also upon the new linen dresses (which are to be the height of fashion), being dyed to the same colour as the material. This fancy for dyed lace will not, it is to be hoped, extend itself so far that the beautiful real laces will be thus maltreated. Nothing beyond a slight yellowish tint, such as is given by squeezing it through a weak solution of coffee, should ever be allowed to mar the beauty of a fine real lace. The silk or blonde laces, however, which returned to us last season, are being dyed to harmonise with the tints of the silks and the voiles upon which they are to be used; and as to the Yak laces, they bear the appearance of having been dipped in the self-same dye-pot as the linens and crashes that they trim.

Deep lace collars, or rather capes, for they come far down over the shoulders, are quite a mania; but as they are to be had in the cheapest forms of imitation at something three-farthings, it is probable that they will not be worn by the best-dressed women far into the season, but that clever mixtures of embroidered lawn with lace edging, and coloured embroideries supporting insertions, so making collars as deep but more elaborate than the plain lace, will be found most fashionable. Chiffon gathered and pleated and decorated with petals of silk, or spots of chenille, or lines of ribbon velvet run through insertions

THE STORY OF A GREAT

DISCOVERY.

REMARKABLE RESULTS
OF THE
"RUSSELL" TREATMENT
FOR THE
CURE OF CORPULENCY.

Permanent Reduction to Normal Weight and Symmetrical Proportions by Pleasant Means, with corresponding Increase of Strength and Vitality.

It is a well-known fact that only within recent years have medical men given anything like adequate study to the causes and the treatment of obesity. Twenty or twenty-five years ago the methods of reducing corpulence were as diverse as they were dangerous, as surprising as they were, in many instances, absurdly ludicrous. This unaccountable lethargy on the part of the medical faculty may be explained by the fact (as pointed out by the editor of a well-known weekly contemporary) that corpulence is not exactly painful, nor is it likely to be immediately fatal. "A stout person may pant or groan under his or her burden for many a year without feeling the necessity of making a last will and testament." The doctor, then, was not consulted in a large number of cases, and many opportunities of studying the pathology of obesity were thus lost to the medical world.

This state of affairs, thanks mainly to the researches and discoveries of the famous specialist, F. Cecil Russell, has vastly improved of late years, and the profession has come to recognise the importance of dealing with the troublesome and uncomely incubus. In fact, a very considerable proportion of the persons who have undergone the "Russell" treatment have been advised to do so by independent medical men.

We have said that the old-time methods of reducing fat were dangerous. For instance, the use of mercury as a cure for obesity and other disorders has entailed upon the human family a long train of very serious ailments. Now, in "Corpulence and the Cure,"* Mr. Russell's well-known book, which is now regarded as the standard work on the subject, the recipe is given of the liquid preparation forming the principal factor in the treatment which has made the author famous. It will be seen that neither mercury nor any other mineral substance enters

into this efficacious compound, and that, indeed, there are none but purely vegetable ingredients of an entirely harmless nature. With but one exception, the plants which go to the formation of this invaluable compound might be gathered in the hedgerows of England. The preparation, moreover, is agreeable, refreshing, and cooling, allaying thirst in a remarkable manner. It is neither aperient, constipating, weakening, nor sickly, but an admirably invigorating tonic which can have none but the most beneficial effect on even the most delicate subject.

So much for the chief curative agent in the "Russell" treatment, which has these further unique advantages. It requires no drastic restrictions of any kind. Apart from a few ordinary dietary precautions, such as any stout person with common sense would adopt as a matter of course, the patient may indulge rationally in the pleasures of the table. Indeed, as will be explained later, the subject will require increased wholesome nourishment to satisfy the renewed appetite he or she will experience. Again, no violent exercises are necessary; nor is there any need of sweating and purging or other weakening measures. The action of the Anti-Corpulence mixture prescribed is quite free from inconvenience or discomfort.

Let us now glance at some of the methods of the past.

The Liquor Potassae remedy, which entails abundant exercise and restricted diet, is pronounced a dangerous system by an eminent authority.

The Arsenite of Potassae remedy contains a large proportion of arsenious acid, which is alike destructive to animal and vegetable life. Of this acid Hahnemann writes: "In long-continued small doses, nausea, vomiting, purging, griping, debility, emaciation, and all the effects of slow poisoning occur in succession; a gradual sinking of the powers of life without any violent symptoms; a nameless feeling of illness, failure of strength, an aversion to food and drink and to all enjoyments of life."

The Motherby Mercurial remedy advocates the use of a poison no other than mercury.

The Newmarket system of "wasting" by excessive sweating and partial abstention from food and drink is very weakening, and has no permanent result.

The German drastic (purgative) remedies are dangerous in the extreme, being ruinous to the constitution.

The Göttingen treatment is a lifelong process, for it involves a specific dietary for the remainder of one's natural life.

The Düsseldorf system, one of the severest, prescribes high-temperature vapour-baths, then cold douche, plunge bath, or some other martyrdom.

There are other systems, restrictive, exhausting, compressive, frictional (massage), &c.; but where are the permanent curative results of these so-called remedies? They do not exist! For as soon as any of these methods, however drastic, are discontinued, the fat reappears with as much persistency as ever, always provided that the method adopted has not permanently weakened the subject and made him or her a victim to ill-health for the remainder of life.

How different is the health-giving permanently curative "Russell" treatment, which, while steadily destroying and eliminating from the system all the clogging, dangerous deposits of internal fat (as well as the ungainly and disfiguring bulk of subcutaneous fat in the abdominal region, and other superabundant

deposits over the entire body, even to the feet and fingers), has a lasting beneficial effect upon the general health.

The Anti-Corpulence mixture discovered by Mr. Russell is, as we have already mentioned, a powerful tonic. It has a marvellous energising effect upon the jaded digestive organs hitherto clogged with fatty matter; it promotes a keen natural appetite, and assists nutrition and assimilation. The results are naturally of the utmost benefit to the patient, the blood being enriched, new muscular tissue formed, nerves braced up, and brain power increased. After a course of "Russell," the subject usually feels years younger, with a new zest for the pleasures of life, with buoyant spirits and fresh vitality. Can this be said of any of the effete and dangerous methods just described?

The reduction of fat brought about by the "Russell" treatment varies, of course, according to the case. Usually, within 24 hours of commencing the course the weighing-machine will prove a decrease of weight of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lb., but in certain instances of extreme corpulence the first day's reduction has amounted to as much as 4 lb. This, however, is rare. The shedding of fat then goes on persistently, with fluctuations of a slight degree, until the patient is satisfied that normal weight and proportions are regained. (Comparative standards of height and weight for both sexes are given in "Corpulence and the Cure.") The treatment may then be abandoned; ordinary prudence and the observance of healthy rules of living will prevent any recrudescence of the unwelcome superfluity of fat.

Readers of "Corpulence and the Cure" will be amazed at the amount of enthusiastic praise given to the "Russell" system in the hundreds of extracts from letters of grateful patients reproduced in the book. This correspondence is most edifying, as it reaches the author from all sorts and conditions of men and women—not a few from medical men. Though the names of the writers are not divulged (Mr. Russell's unswerving rule), the original letters are carefully filed at Woburn House for reference.

In conclusion, the following passage from "Corpulence and the Cure" may be quoted with advantage: "The compound, as before explained," writes the author, "is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; it does not demand those semi-starvation dietary restrictions which are so weakening to the system; it is most efficacious in reducing fat without injury; it aims at the radical cure of obesity, so that when persons under treatment have been reduced to their normal weight the incubus may not return. I admit candidly," continues Mr. Russell, "that in some peculiar cases it sometimes fails; but can this not be said of any remedy of the highest possible reputation? Under any circumstances, however, my readers may rest assured that if the removal of dangerous internal fat, with a corresponding improvement in health, be a desideratum, I may fairly claim that failure is practically impossible."

Stout readers of *The Illustrated London News* may obtain a copy of "Corpulence and the Cure" (256 pages) by sending three penny stamps (for postage under private cover) to Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Even those who may not yet be called "corpulent," but who experience any indication of increasing weight, are strongly recommended to read this excellent treatise, for there is not a page that does not contain information that may be of service to them, conveyed in a clear and interesting way.

* A copy of "Corpulence and the Cure" will be sent under plain sealed envelope to all readers of "The Illustrated London News" who will forward their address, with three penny stamps, to the Author, F. CECIL RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. All correspondence strictly confidential.

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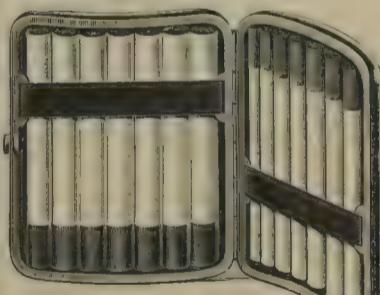
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of lace, make some elaborate and handsome deep cape collars. Black lace medallions encrusted upon white lace or white medallions of a different and finer kind of lace than that of the foundation are other details which give a finish and refinement to deep collars and mark them out from the common imitations. Such fine collars are usually made detachable from the dress so that they can be worn with more than one costume. Blouses are being built very often in quite plain designs, and are intended to be worn with the stole collars.

An interesting lecture on behalf of the "Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association" was recently delivered by Mrs. Whitfield, at the residence of Lady Sybil Smith, on the subject of "Lace, Ancient and Modern." The lecturer gave an older derivation for lace than is usually admitted, for she claimed that when Isaiah speaks of "Them that work in fine flax and them that weave networks," he was evidently referring to laces! The drawn and cut work which is found some times in mummy-cloths—not of the oldest period but of the days of the Ptolemies—plainly were the foundation of the later developments of needlework into laces. The Egyptians also made network and embellished it both by embroideries and by the addition of glass beads. It may be inferred, again, that to draw threads out of a woven fabric, and then to catch them together into a pattern, was the origin of the idea of lace, from the fact that the Indian women in Central America to this day produce that kind of fabric for ornament. It seems clear, however, that real lace—that is, worked entirely either with the needle or on the pillow with bobbins—did not come into existence until the sixteenth century. The oldest painting in which lace is depicted is found in Venice, and is the work of an artist who died about 1523; and that pictured dame's lace consists only of a narrow edging on her cuffs. The fashion of wearing ruffs, which came into vogue in this century, gave great assistance to the new art. While most of the English portraits showing ruffs indicate that they were made of stiff materials, the French and Italian portraits are often seen to have ruffs completely of lace.

When the tall, upstanding ruffs "went out," there was, of course, a complete reaction of fashion, and in the days of our First Charles and of Henry IV. and Louis XIII. of France deep collars falling low over the shoulders, something like those we are now wearing, became fashionable, and were formed either completely of lace, or of linen trimmed with lace. Men wore this dainty decoration at that time as much as, or more than, did women. The pictures of the sturdy Jacobean warriors in the Vere collection of portraits, dating from the early part of the seventeenth century, show big rosettes of lace (often decorated with pearls) on the shoes



A SMART AFTERNOON DRESS.

and at the garters; while the Cavaliers of Charles the First's Court trimmed their gloves, their doublets, and even the turned-back tops of their high boots with beautiful real lace. The famous Cing Mars, when he died in 1642, left behind him over three hundred sets of collars and cuffs trimmed with lace. Louis XIV. delighted in the use of lace in his own costume; and he invited Venetian lace-workers to come to France to instruct the native workers in this art in the special kinds of point made in Italy. This annoyed the Italian Senate to such a degree that it issued an edict that any artist who was practising his or her art in a foreign country must immediately return, otherwise their nearest of kin would be put in prison; and if, notwithstanding this, the worker continued to pursue her avocation abroad, an embassy would be sent to kill the culprit, and the next of kin would only be liberated upon her death! This terrible threat made the Venetian work-women return to their native country; but the quick French girls had meantime learned the special art of "point de Venise," and sixteen hundred of them were soon at work, with results such as can be seen at this day in the Cluny Museum. The firmness of the outline of such laces as Venetian rose-point and point d'Alençon is produced by the stitches in the rounds being placed over horsehair. In the very finest varieties it is said that the laceworkers use threads of their own hair to support the work, as being so much finer than horsehair.

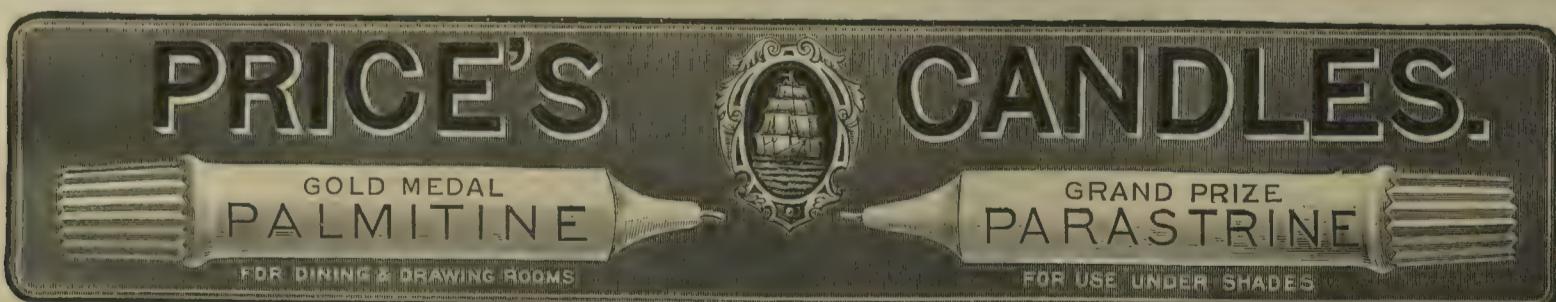
Mrs. Whitfield, in her lecture (of which the above, by the way, is not a report), pointed out the close connection between art generally and the production of lace. The countries which at a certain period produced the greatest painters—namely, North Italy and Flanders—also produced at the same time the finest laces. She concluded that while lacemaking cannot be regarded as an occupation for gentlewomen, because it is so poorly paid, there is a field for the delicate touch and refined taste of the poor gentlewoman in lace cleaning and mending; for the possessors of beautiful old lace are willing to pay highly for its preservation. It is believed that no lace exists in a state to be worn which is older than two hundred years, and even then it is exceedingly fragile.

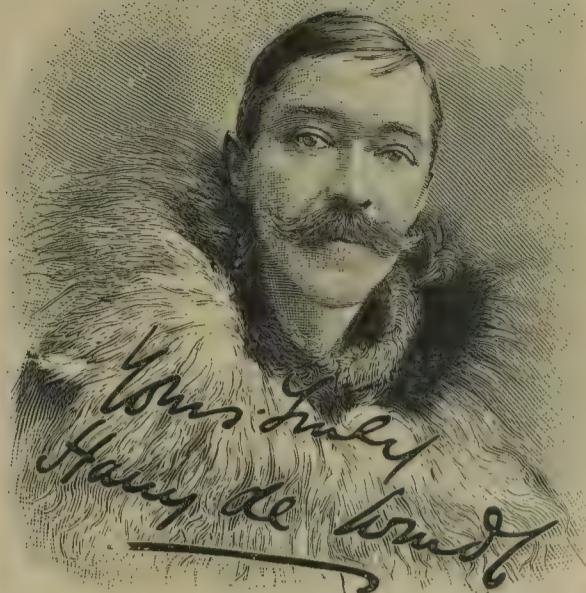
Our Illustration of a *jupe trotteuse* shows that the new skirts are being worn really short, and not of that uncomfortable length, just long enough to wipe the streets up, that too often is called a walking length. The new skirt quite clears the ground, and demands smart boots and a slim figure to be really becoming. In Paris it is universally adopted for morning wear, but afternoon frocks will certainly remain trained for the present. The second Illustration shows us a smart visiting or afternoon dress of the accepted length; it is trimmed with fringe, of which the netted heading forms a cape collar, while the fringe itself falls well over the top of the arms.

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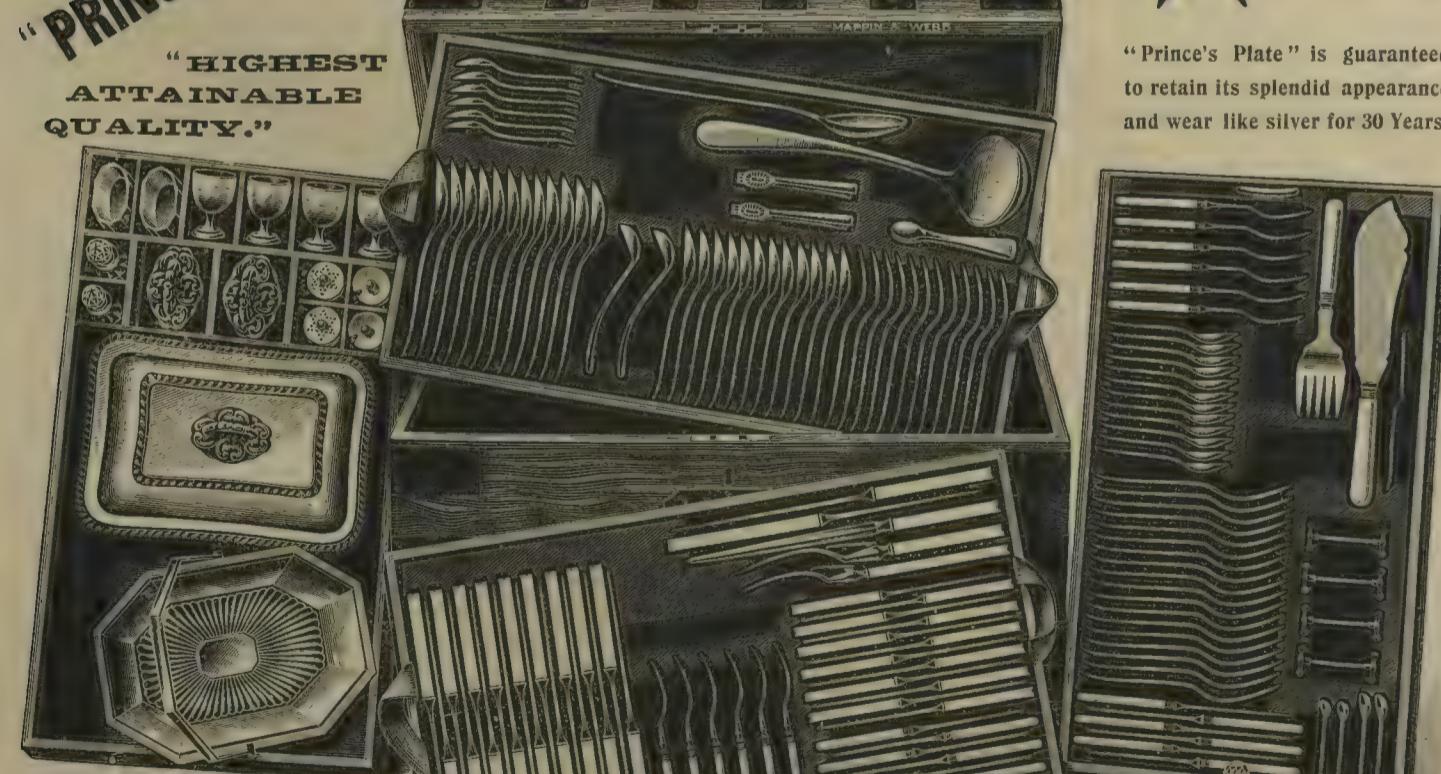
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MUSIC.

The Grand Opera Syndicate begins the cycle of "The Ring" at Covent Garden on Monday, April 27, when Mr. Neil Forsyth announces a performance of "Das Rheingold." For the production of "Rheingold" and "Götterdämmerung" entirely new scenery has been prepared under the direction of Mr. Francis Neilson, who has arranged some realistic stage effects of a magnitude hitherto unattempted in Wagnerian music-drama, particularly the downfall of the hall in the last act in "Götterdämmerung." The cycle will be conducted by Dr. Richter.

The first production in English in London of the opera "André Chénier," by Signor Umberto Giordano, was given on Thursday, April 16, at the Camden Theatre by the Carl Rosa Company. It had been previously produced by them on April 2 at Manchester. A large audience filled the theatre, and much credit is due to the Carl Rosa Company for their enterprise. Signor Giordano is a composer of considerable note, although he is not yet thirty years old. "André Chénier," his best-known work, was produced at La Scala, Milan, in 1896; but other works of his have achieved a certain success: "Malavita," produced at Rome in 1892; "Fedora," produced at Milan (the Teatro Lirico) in 1899; and "Siberia," which is his latest composition. "André Chénier" is a dramatic story, and the libretto is excellently written by Luigi Illica. The title of the opera is the name of the hero, a young poet, who has been described

A REMINISCENCE OF THE MURDERED RUSSIAN CONSUL OF MITROVITZA: M. STCHERBINA ON THE BOSPHORUS.

M. Stcherbina, whose murder by the Albanian soldier Ibrahim (since condemned to death) complicated the situation in the Balkans, was formerly Russian Vice-Consul at Scutari. Our photograph was taken last year on the Bosphorus, while M. Stcherbina was coming ashore. He is seated amidships in the smaller boat. The murdered official was thirty-five years of age, was an expert in Turkish and the Balkan dialects, and was expected to distinguish himself in his career.

as "the French Keats," who was executed during the Reign of Terror. The heroine, Madeleine, really, however, holds the dramatic situation, for, in despair at his arrest, she offers to give herself to Gérard, a Republican, to save her lover from the guillotine. Gérard being powerless, however, to save him, she dies with him, taking the place of one of the condemned. In the last act lie not only all the emotional scenes, but the best of the composer's work: The duet just before the lovers' death is excellent; very dramatic also is the "soliloquy" of Gérard. Throughout the opera there is evidence of high musicianship, and there is some brilliant orchestration. At the Camden Theatre the orchestra

was forthcoming that was considered good enough. The beautiful band of the Royal Marines had to be substituted. All this, however, will very shortly be altered.

M. I. H.

It is most excellent news that a Royal Naval School of Music is to be started at Portsmouth. Its model will be the admirable school of military music at Kneller Hall. Rumour attributes this scheme to the fact that in response to the King's express desire to take a naval band on his cruise, none

was forthcoming that was considered good enough. The beautiful band of the Royal Marines had to be substituted. All this, however, will very shortly be altered.

The organisers of the *Times* competition announce a very gratifying response to their offer. They desire to point out to those intending competitors who are doubtful whether they should buy the Encyclopædia outright that the work will certainly be valuable to them even apart from all considerations of the competition, owing to the information to be acquired in course of answering the questions.



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was admirable under the direction of Mr. Eugene Goossen. Herr Julius Walther sang the title rôle well; Miss Lizzie Burgess was not always equal to the strain put on her as the heroine, Madeleine, but had excellent moments, and acted and sang always gracefully and sympathetically. Mr. Arthur Deane sang Gérard, the Republican, with power and dramatic skill. The chorus was excellent, and the entire company is to be congratulated on its initiative in bringing a new opera to England.

It is most excellent news that a Royal Naval School of Music is to be started at Portsmouth. Its model will be the admirable school of military music at Kneller Hall. Rumour attributes this scheme to the fact that in response to the King's express desire to take a naval band on his cruise, none

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 25, 1899) of Mr. James Lund, D.L., J.P., of Malsis Hall, Sutton, Yorkshire, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on April 9 by Mrs. Janet Lund, the widow, Frederick James Lund and Reginald William Lund, the sons, and Sir William Henry Holland, M.P., the son-in-law, the value of the estate being £606,679. The testator bequeaths £300,000, in trust, for his children, except his son Edward Herbert; £1000, and during her widowhood £1000 per quarter and the use of Malsis Hall and the effects therein to his wife; £40,000, in trust, for his son Edward Herbert; £3000, in trust, for his daughter Lady Holland; and £500 to his daughter Ethel Maude on her marriage. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his sons Frederick James and Reginald William.

The will dated July 21, 1902, with a codicil dated Feb. 10, 1903, of Mr. William Samuel Deacon, of Poynters, Cobham, and of Birch Lane, banker, who died on March 1, was proved on April 8 by John Francis William Deacon, William Francis Courthope, and Alexander Courthope, the nephews, and William Godden, the executors, the value of the estate being £118,951. The testator devises his freehold property in Surrey to his wife for life, and then as she shall appoint to his nephews and nieces, and in default thereto to his nephew Alexander Courthope. He gives £5000, the household effects and live and dead stock, and £20,000, in trust, with power of appointment thereover, to his wife; £10,000 to his nephew John Francis William Deacon; £11,000 to his nephew George John Courthope; £5000 each to his



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nephews Alexander Courthope and Henry E. Whitmore; £5000 each to his nieces Frances Albinia Courthope and Katherine M. Whitmore; £6000 to Eleanor Wodehouse; £500 to Captain Edward Streatfield; £5000 to Alice Ramsden; £3000 to Major Edwin Fred. Wodehouse; and many other legacies. In the event of his nephew William Francis Courthope being admitted a partner in the firm of Nevile, Reid, and Co., of Windsor, he gives to him his interest in the reserve therein; and £20,000 to his nephew John Francis William Deacon. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife, and subject to her life interest he further gives twelve hundred shares in Williams, Deacon, and Co. to his nephew John Francis William Deacon; £5000 and fifty shares to his nephew George John Courthope; £18,000 and fifty shares to his nephew Alexander Courthope; £10,000 and fifty shares to his nephew Henry E. Whitmore; twelve hundred shares to his nephew William Francis Courthope; £5000 and fifty shares each to the Rev. Arthur Henry Courthope and Emily Mary Courthope; £5000 and fifty shares each to his nephews Maximilian Hammond, Thomas William Carr, Robert C. Carr, and Frank C. Carr, and many other bequests. The ultimate residue is to go to his nephews John Francis William Deacon and William Francis Courthope in equal shares.

The will (dated April 20, 1898) of Colonel John Temple Temple-West, late Grenadier Guards, of Villa Royale, Nice, who died on Feb. 15, was proved on April 9 by Mrs. Frances Caroline Temple, the widow, and Temple De la Pole Temple, the son, two of the executors, the value of the

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estate being £433,518. The testator devises his real estate at St. George's Fields, Southwark, as to one half each, in trust, for his children Temple De la Pole and Eleanor Mabel and their issue. He gives £20,000, in trust, for his wife; £5000, in trust, for his son Richard; £1000 each to the Marine Society (*Waspire*) for the Training of Boys for the Navy, and the Gordon Boys' Home; and £500 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The residue of his personal property, after the payment of legacies, debts, and expenses of proving his will, is to be converted into money at the earliest favourable moment, and the realised amount applied to the use and benefit for ever of the undermentioned public institutions and charities, according to the stated proportions—namely, to the trustees of the National Gallery a sum amounting to two fifths of such residue, the interest whereof is to be expended on works of art. The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, the Royal Naval Benevolent Society, the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society, the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, and St. George's Hospital; and the will goes on to state: "Collectively, I give and bequeath the amount of the remaining three fifths to be apportioned equally among them all, the sum allotted in each individual instance to remain vested in the names of the trustees and form part of the formation fund or endowment."

The will (dated May 15, 1901) of Mrs. Elizabeth Walker, of Pulteney House, Bath, who died on Jan. 6, has been proved by Robert Lowe Grant Vassall and Miss Margaret Alice Douglas, the executors, the value of the property being £68,075. The testatrix bequeaths £100 and an annuity of £200 to her husband, Colonel William Walker; £500 to her sister Maria Douglas and £250 each to her children; £3000 each to the children

of her deceased sister Mrs. Sophia Machen; £100 each to her executors; £500 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts and the Bath Royal United Hospital; £200 each to Mary Machen and Arthur Barnes; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves between her sister Mrs. Douglas and her nephews and nieces in equal shares.

The will (dated May 24, 1901), with two codicils (dated Feb. 14 and Dec. 6, 1902), of Mr. William Hall Richardson, of Laurel Mount, Park Road, Southport, who died on Dec. 14, has been proved by Roscoe Wrigley and John Buckley Rye, the executors, the value of the estate being £67,270. The testator gives £100 each to his executors; £250 and an annuity of £200 to Mary Jane Johnson; and the residue of his property between his brother and sister Sam Thomas Richardson and Mrs. Anne Wynne, the share of his brother to be twice as much as that of his sister.

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1889) of the Rev. Walford Green, of Macartney House, Greenwich Park, who died on March 12, was proved on April 4 by Mrs. Eleanor Green, the widow, the value of the property amounting to £37,341. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1902) of the Rev. Canon Henry Ireland Blackburne, of the Vicarage, Crewe Green, Crewe, who died on Jan. 29, was proved on March 30 by the Rev. Canon Foster Grey Blackburne, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £32,834. The testator bequeaths £200 to the Institution at Warrington for the relief of widows and orphans of clergymen; £200 to the Chester Diocesan Benefices Augmentation Fund; £2000 each to his nieces

Mary Gertrude Ireland Blackburne and Florence Charlotte Farmer; £2000 to his nephew Ernest Robert Ireland Blackburne; £200 to Charles Harold Corbett; and £300 each to Cecily Deakin, Violet Wilson, William Peter Blackburne-Maze, Lily Wilson, Emily Anne Wilkinson, Mrs. Pares, and Edith Fanny Blackburne-Maze. The residue of his estate he leaves to his brother, Canon Foster Blackburne.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1894) of Miss Ada Ellen Bayly ("Edna Lyall"), of 6, College Road, Eastbourne, who died on Feb. 8, was proved on April 2 by the Rev. Hampden Gurney Jameson and Samuel George Sloman, the executors, the value of the estate being £25,966. The testatrix gives all her works and unpublished manuscripts, and the copyright thereof, and a piece of land at Eastbourne, in trust, for sale, and the proceeds thereof are to be applied for the education and benefit of the children of her sister, Mrs. Agnes Ann Jameson; £300 to her uncle Thomas Bradbury Winter; £100 to the Delhi Medical Mission; £150 to Agnes Elizabeth Weston; £100 to Emma Willes; and £20 each to her executors. The residue of her property she leaves to her sisters Catherine Ann Crowfoot, Mary Elizabeth Crowfoot, and Agnes Ann Jameson, and her brother Robert Bayly.

In our issue of April 4 an illustration appeared of Lord Derby's box at the Grand National, in which Lady Gerard is depicted as one of the occupants. We are informed that Lady Gerard, who is in deep mourning, has been abroad since last November and has attended no race-meetings or social functions of any kind. We regret that, through inadvertence, we should have been led to make the representation.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Ripon addressed a gathering of three thousand men in Leeds Town Hall on the evening of Good Friday. Meetings of a similar kind have been held in the town for the last fourteen or fifteen years, and have attracted immense congregations. This year's gathering was promoted by the churches in the five central parishes of the city. The address was illustrated by limelight pictures showing various incidents in the life of Christ. Mrs. Boyd Carpenter took charge of the lantern, and the Bishop spoke from a specially erected platform in the centre of the hall. His address, which lasted for almost two hours, was followed with the keenest interest.

The Bishops of Peterborough and Shrewsbury have now quite recovered from their long and serious illnesses, and have resumed their ordinary duties. Bishop Carr-Glyn, in his Easter sermon in Peterborough Cathedral, asked the congregation to join with him in thanksgiving for his restoration to health.

Bishop Jacob preached for the last time in Newcastle Cathedral on Easter Day, when there was a very large congregation. The Bishop chose as his farewell text

the words of St. Paul, "Always abounding in the work of the Lord." The work of the Lord, he said, implied the personal work of men in the city, in the diocese, the kingdom, and the Empire. The Apostle's thought included all classes of labour, except that which was questionable in itself, or tended to mere worldly advantage or selfish interest.

The Bi-Centenary of the birth of John Wesley falls on June 17, and arrangements have been made to celebrate it at the leading Methodist churches. At Wesley's Chapel, City Road, there will be a representative gathering from all the Methodist bodies, and at Birmingham the Rev. F. L. Wiseman is organising a large meeting in the Town Hall. The main interest will, however, be at Epworth, where Wesley was born. A stained-glass window is to be placed as a memorial in the chapel founded some years ago by the efforts of the Rev. Charles Garrett.

A brass tablet in memory of the late Bishop of Southampton will be placed in Eccles parish church, where Dr. Lyttelton was Vicar from 1893 to 1898.

St. Mary's Church, so well known to visitors to Harrogate, has been pronounced structurally unsafe;

and a fund is being raised for rebuilding. The new church, in which the Bishop of Ripon is taking an active interest, will be erected on a site at Westcliffe Grove. V.

In point of illustrations and literary contributions, the second number of the *Burlington Magazine* (the Savile Publishing Company) maintains the high place which the publication at once took among art journals. The article of most topical interest is that dealing with the history of Clifford's Inn, the fate of which now hangs in the balance. It is enhanced by beautiful line drawings by F. L. Griggs, showing some of the quaintest corners in the last of the old Inns of Chancery. Perhaps the finest piece of reproduction is that of the "Portrait of a Man," a drawing by Hans Holbein, now in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. The work has all the softness of an original crayon. "Three Unpublished Italian Portraits" is an article by Herbert Cook, dealing with a portrait of Giacomo Loria by Titian (on the form of whose name there is a learned disquisition); with "A Virgin Martyr," by Bernardino Luini, and with a portrait of Federigo Gonzaga by Francia. The last picture forms the fine frontispiece to the number.

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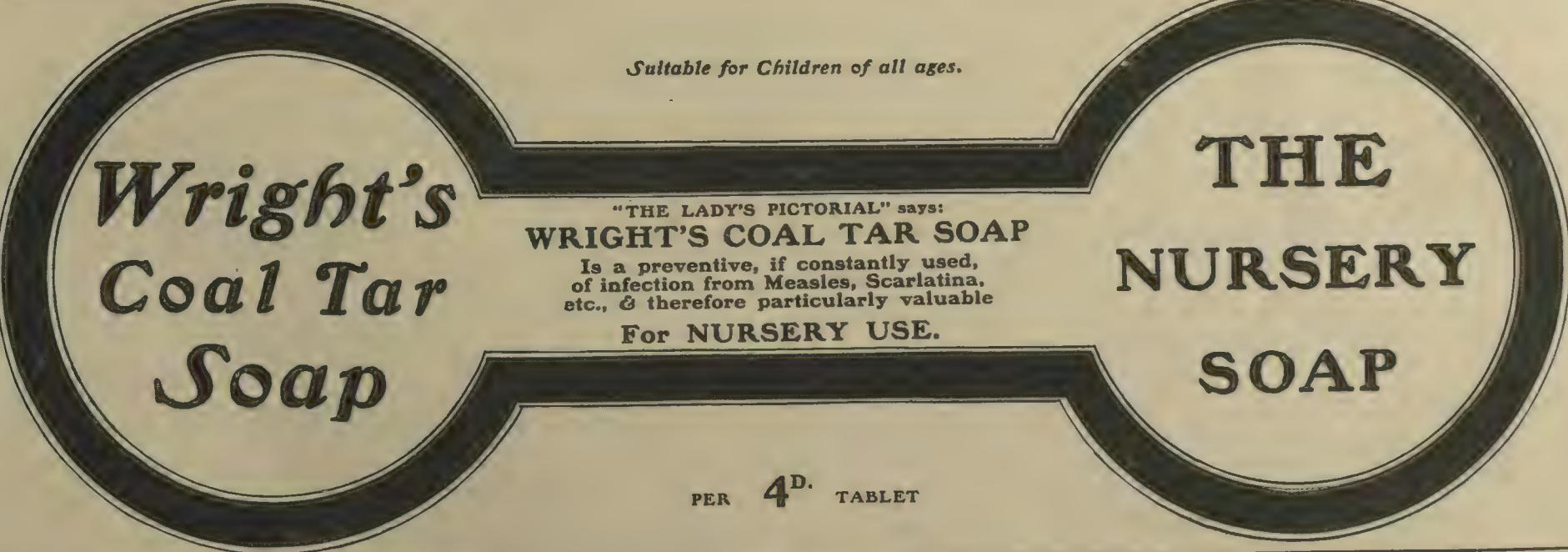
IS WARRANTED to Cleanse the Blood from all Impurities from whatever cause arising. For ECZEMA, SCURVY, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, ULCERS, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES, BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES and SORES of all kinds, its Effects are Marvellous. It is the only real Specific for GOUT and RHEUMATIC Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

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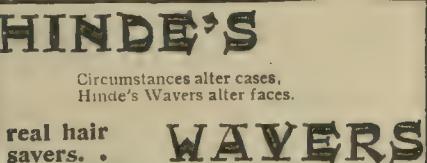
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MISCELLANEOUS.

The newly issued list of the Royal Commission to inquire into the question of our food-supply in war-time contains the name of the Prince of Wales. Lord Balfour of Burleigh is Chairman, and among the members are the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Chaplin, Vice-Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, Sir John Colomb, Professor Holland, and other bearers of representative names.

The American papers have discovered the smallest and youngest chauffeur in the world. This is a little boy of three and a half years, named Hubert Ogden, whose father has had built for him a little petrol motor of one and a half horse-power. The speed of the machine is limited to seven miles an hour. The child manages

his motor entirely by himself, but his father is careful to accompany him on a bicycle.

At Mr. F. G. McQueen's Galleries, 33, Haymarket, there is now on view an excellent collection of water-colour drawings of Viterbo, Assisi, and Venice by Miss Katharine McCracken, and of animal studies and miniatures by Miss Nellie Hadden.

The managers of the National Skating Palace (Hengler's) have devised something quite new in the way of entertainment. Emulating the proprietors of numerous popular papers, they have arranged an ingenious puzzle-picture competition. Several money prizes are offered to visitors correctly guessing the subjects represented in the *tableaux vivants*. The competition is repeated nightly.

The Raleigh Cycle Company have just introduced a new pattern motor-bicycle, which they have named the "Gazelle." It is priced at the popular figure of forty guineas, and is fitted with the two-horse power Minerva motor, with mechanical inlet-valve. The motor is mounted on an excellently finished and strengthened frame, and the fork-crown especially is a very strong piece of work. The other part of the specification is as follows: Spray carburettor fitted with throttle-valve, twisted belt-drive, force-pump, sight-lubricator, high-tension ignition, extra powerful front rim-brake, Dunlop 2-in. special motor-cycle tyres on 28-in. wheels, extended mudguards, special spring saddle. Weight, 105 lb.; petrol capacity, 125 miles; speed regulation by spark advance, and throttle-valve.



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When All Other Remedies and Physicians Fail.

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The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of the scalp, as in scaled head; the facial disfigurement, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum,—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven beyond all doubt. No statement is made regarding them that is not justified by the strongest evidence. The purity and sweetness, the power to afford immediate relief, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy have made them the standard skin cures and humour remedies of the civilized world.

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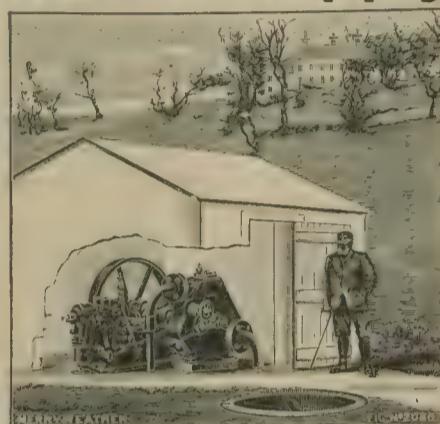


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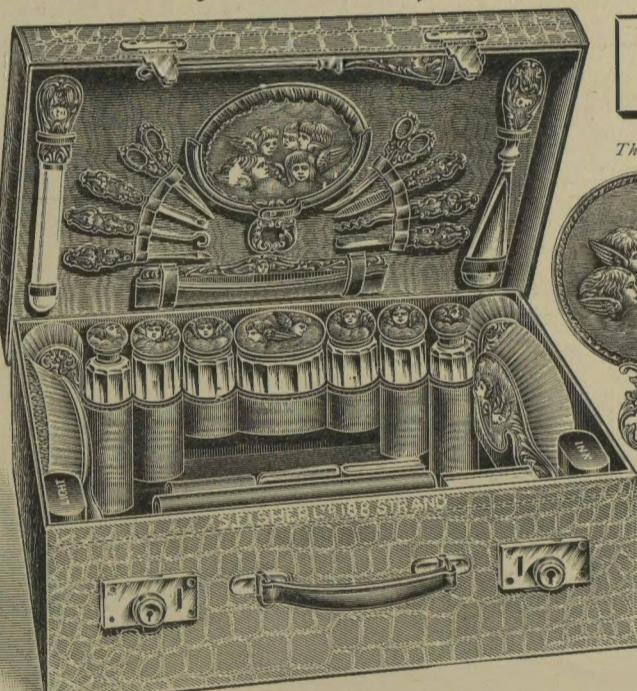
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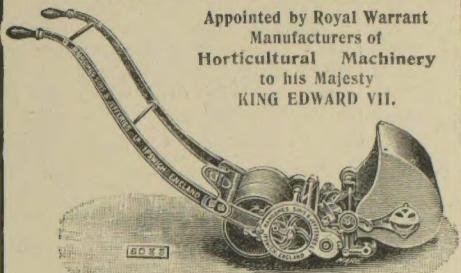
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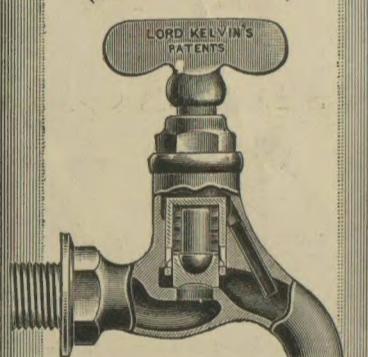


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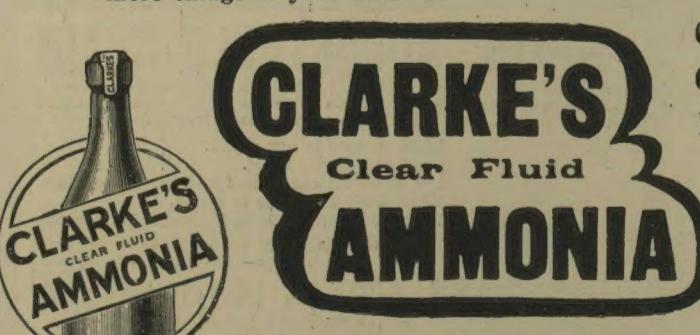
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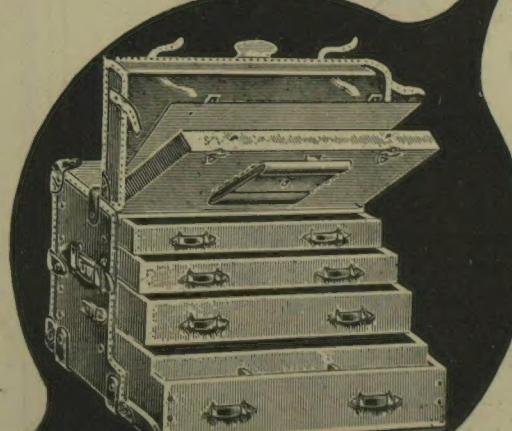
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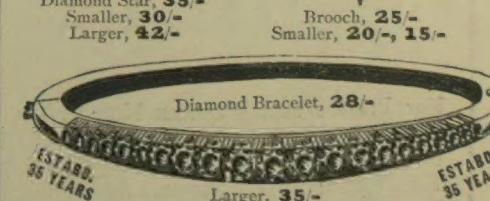
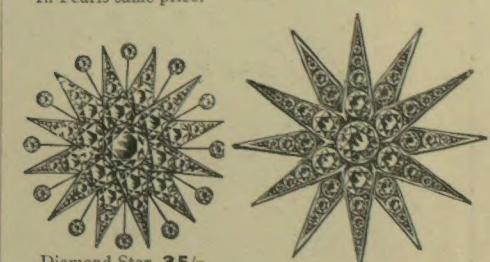
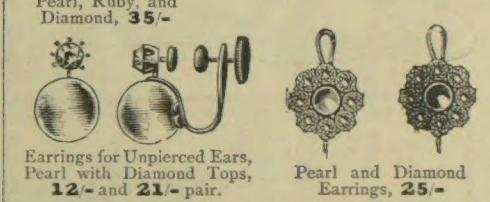
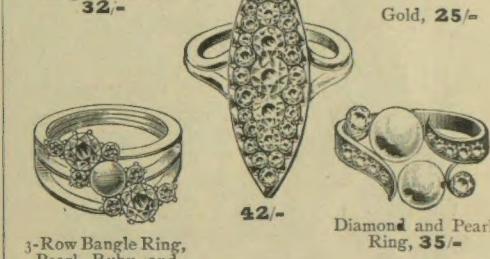
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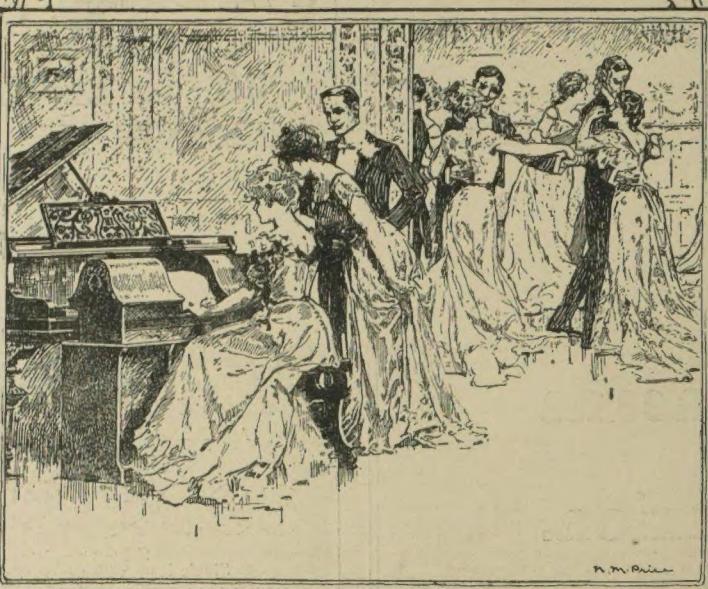


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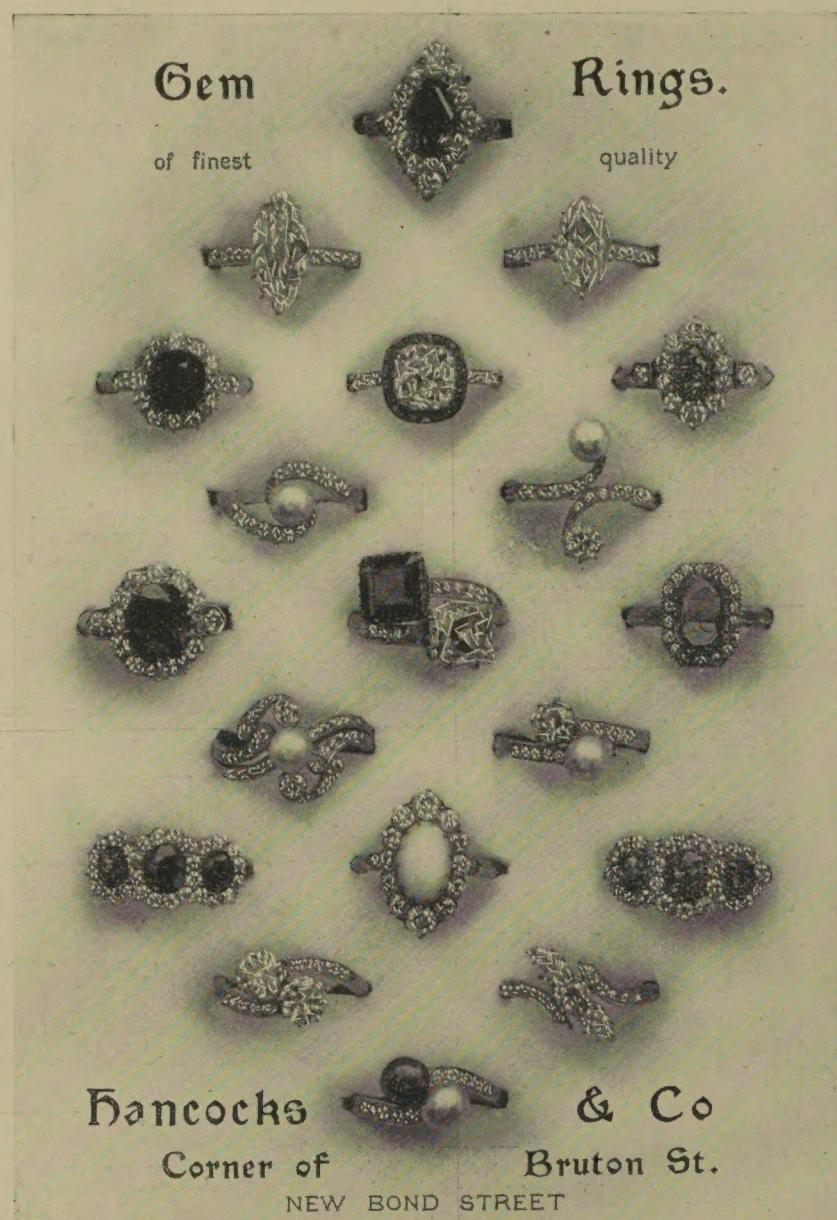
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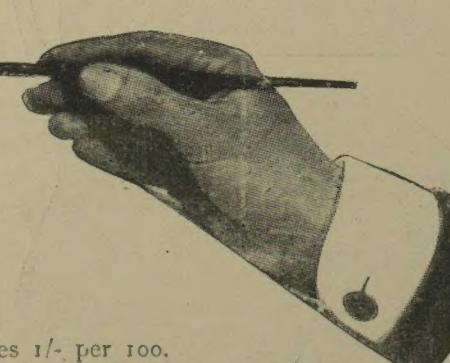
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